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~~C. 1540~~

[ The author's copy & no doubt as  
much supplemented as any extant!

I hoped to find something about Collins  
in it but do not. However he's a  
nice old country parson.

His 1<sup>st</sup> volume was published in the 1720's  
by Keats's publisher.]

Chichester Institute.

Page 10; after line 16

— — — maiden reach

— Substitute:

So Mary flees, at Pinkie's knell,  
From Stirling's stately citadel  
To the lone islet's tranquil bower  
'Neath Inchmahome's sacred tower,  
Fairer amid her virgin train,  
(When may she know such bliss again!)  
Now on Dunbarton's wave-fist rock  
Slides once more the invader's shock;  
Now wafted o'er the circling sea  
Gleets blandly gentler embassy.  
Hence! draw thy legions from the vale  
'Tis done! The vision waxes pale,  
Bluff Harry's myrmidons have fled:  
White palace, grange, and lordly shed,  
And desecrated temple ring  
With infamy of England's king;  
And these reek shores reecho yet  
The malediction, proud Somerset!

Presented to  
The Literary Society  
and  
Mechanic's Institute  
at  
Chichester  
By  
The Author.

Pozzings Rectory,  
Hurst Pierpoint  
December 19.  
1873.



# DRYBURGH ABBEY

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS AGAR HOLLAND, M.A.

RECTOR OF GREATHAM, HANTS.

*A NEW EDITION.*

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1845.



**DRYBURGH ABBEY**

**AND**

**OTHER POEMS.**



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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IN committing a second edition of this little work to the press, the author is more ambitious of improving upon the first, (published in 1826,) and of placing in the hands of his friends a volume somewhat worthier of their notice and preservation, than of extending the small circle of the readers of his poetical effusions.

With this view he has revised the contents of his former publication, and inserted several other pieces, most of which have appeared in various periodical works. It may be right to add, in explanation, that the principal poem

was commenced in the winter, 1820-21, which the author (being yet in his "teens") spent in Edinburgh, attending a session of the university, (whence also the Latin prize,) and occasionally visiting his grand-uncle, the late Earl of Buchan, at his mansion contiguous to the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey.

Greatham Rectory,  
August, 1845.

## DRYBURGH ABBEY.

---

### P A R T I.

#### *The Ruins.*

DRYBURGH ! I fain would sing thy towers,  
Thy ruddy rocks, thine oaken bowers,  
Primæval woods, whose awful shade  
Arched the hoar Druid's vista glade,  
Ere yet yon reverend Pile arose  
Mid twilight gloom, and dank repose.  
Oh ! that my song, borne on the gale  
To lovely Poynings' sylvan vale, (1)  
Might Anglia's Southern summits hail,

Whence the rude pipe of pastoral key  
Wakened my infant minstrelsy !  
Nay, hush my harp ! thy feeble note  
Cannot aspire in air to float,  
Nor mount aloft on eagle wings,  
Like the young heart's imaginings.  
But lo ! from Eildon's emerald crown  
The Scotian Muse looks gladsome down,  
Plays o'er her cheek a radiant smile,  
And waves her beckoning hand the while :  
Yet stay, my harp ! that meteor bright  
Has oft beguiled the wayward wight,  
Till prone, 'neath Fame's impending steep,  
He sinks in Lethe's sunless deep.  
Well, if thou wilt, then, catch the sigh  
Of Zephyr, as she flutters by,  
Whose genial gusts with kindling glow  
In tuneful prelude softly blow ;  
Thus I put forth my vain essay,  
Thus I accord my humble lay.

Where winds fair Tweed her silver tide,  
By Eildon's wizard-haunted side,  
And with her fond encircling waves  
The sacred banks of Dryburgh (\*) laves—  
There, Nature, ever smiling bland,  
Has richly beautified the land :  
Pomona's fragrance glads the air,  
Ceres waves wide her yellow hair,  
And Flora's gems of starry sheen  
Braid the sloped margin's velvet green.  
Emerging still above the wood,  
Reflected in the crystal flood,  
The Abbey's fretted nave appears,  
A monument of other years.  
The arch arrested in its span,  
Blurred frieze, where wreath of roses ran,  
The saintless niche, the spiral stair  
That ends its flight abrupt in air,  
And vaults, through which the wild winds sigh,  
Tell tales of ages long gone by.

Rapt Contemplation loves to dwell  
At morn recluse in Modan's cell,  
And mark the flouting sunbeams fall  
Along the ivy-woven wall ;  
Or, seeking late the solemn gloom  
That consecrates each scutcheoned tomb,  
To hear the owlet hoot the while  
He flits adown the pillared aisle,  
And in the pale moon's streamy rays  
To sketch a thousand fantasies.

And sooth 'tis sadly sweet to rove  
Where waves the orchard's golden grove,  
What time with twilight's 'witching dew  
Sparkles, besprent, the sable yew  
That o'er the subject glebe has swayed  
Many a century of shade,  
While scarce the sun a glimpse could throw,  
To streak its raven jet below ;  
E'en Death, whose blighting beck obey

All leafy life, and quickened clay,  
 Thence turns his partial wand away,  
 As loth to close its ancient trust  
 Of guardian o'er sepulchral dust.  
 Beneath its boughs a wrinkled crone  
 Mutters of days and manners gone—  
 How grisly shapes are left behind,  
 Whose voices moan in every wind;  
 Dame Superstition ;—round her press  
 Bairns, in their truant idleness,  
 With oaten cates, strolled from afar,  
 To list her speech oracular.  
 When horrors dire their eyeballs glaze  
 In icy trance of dumb amaze,  
 She points the gilt helm on the tomb.  
 Bids each despoil its beckoning plume,  
 Guerdon for rival speed to win,  
 Yet shuns herself to enter in.  
 Beside the hag, her dusky mate  
 Prompts and confirms her goblin prate,

Tradition ;—where he stands a cloud  
Serves his uncertain height to shroud ;  
He, narrative on themes of eld,  
The same his sires had alway held,  
Revolves, absorbed, with rayless eye,  
The hoarded stores of memory,  
And, scornful of historic page,  
Dotes darkling on remoter age ;  
His only text the sculptured wreck  
Which quaint monastic emblems deck ;  
Here, crosiers, cowls, and sombre faces ;  
There, antic feats, with apt grimaces,  
And gasping forms that writhe to own  
Prest weight of huge incumbent stone,  
As if pent in, constrained to bear  
Arc, roof, or battlement in air.  
By these assured, Report hastes round  
With shudder, nod, and sigh profound ;  
Her specious phrase, belief to woo,  
Makes Fanoy fain aver it true,

While low she murmurs in your ear,  
 With fondling grasp, the tale of fear :—  
 That in yon donjon's gaping gloom, (<sup>3</sup>)  
 Withers the bud of virgin bloom,  
 Where still the love-lorn Ellen weeps,  
 And nightly frantic vigil keeps.  
 Ill-fated maid ! self-doomed to shun  
 The enlivening radiance of the sun,  
 And tarries yet thy Love away ?  
 And must thou ne'er behold the day,  
 But tearful weave at even-fall,  
 Thy joyless, hopeless madrigal,  
 Till, free at midnight's magic hour,  
 When fays hold court, and spells have  
     power,  
 And round their wide o'er-arching trees  
 Revel the Hamadryades,  
 Thou roamest forth to greet the moon,  
 And bless her chill and paly noon !

How changed are Dryburgh's aisles and  
towers!

How silent now her oaken bowers !  
Her halls dismantled, void, and drear,  
Her crypt, the den of phantom-fear,  
Once thrilled with life ! when rigid care  
Numbered the hours of fast and prayer ;  
When fervent zeal, and pious pleasure  
Attuned the softly swelling measure,  
And Tweed would proudly bear along  
The dulcet tones of holy song !  
Obscure the white-robed Fathers strayed  
Through the dim cloister's chequered shade,  
Pensive, with oft reverted eye  
To crucifix and rosarie,  
Purging the soul of earthly sense  
By chastened thought and penitence ;  
While frequent self-inflicted rod  
Humbled the rebel clay to God ;  
And gleamed the taper's mellow light

O'er festal pomp, or suppliant rite.  
 Now all are fled—each wonted sound  
 Long, long has ceased to vibrate round ;  
 Hushed ev'ry bell, whose iron tongue  
 O'er grove and rock its clangor swung,  
 Whose notes up Mertoun's brae would climb,  
 Then ring again in mimic chime ;  
 No hooded Friars in lowly train,  
 Beneath the oriel's tinted pane,  
 Raise morning orisons to heaven,  
 Nor the sweet choral hymn of even ;  
 No Miserere's lengthened stave,  
 No Requiem fills the vaulted nave,  
 To waft to its immortal goal  
 A shriven Brother's rescued soul.

'Tis past ! but what unhallowed power (\*)  
 Shook to its base the time-worn tower,  
 And bade the whelming flame arise  
 In billowy volume to the skies ;

While Ruin brooded o'er the gate,  
And left the altars desolate ?  
E'en now methinks I see thee stand,  
Threat on thy brow, might in thine hand !  
That sword has drained the freeman's veins,  
And fire and famine scourge the plains ;  
Yet think'st thou, thus with blood imbued,  
By thee shall Scotland's Queen be wooed ?  
And that with javelin, brand, and gun,  
Shall youthful Edward's bride be won ?  
Hence, Spoiler ! other darts of yore  
Love in maternal quiver bore ;  
Waved other torch, nor e'er made choice  
Of the fell cannon's thunder voice !  
But lighter arrow, softer speech,  
Can heart of royal maiden reach ;  
And Mary greets beyond the sea  
Gentler ambassadors than thee.  
Hence ! draw thy legions from the vale !  
'Tis done ! the vision waxes pale ;

But the rent tombs re-echo yet  
Thy malison, proud Somerset !

The walls that heard the matins sung,  
That with the midnight anthem rung,  
Bereft of all their former pride,  
The hoarsely howling winds deride.  
Wan-eyed Decay now reigns—her throne  
Fall'n capital of shapely stone,  
Where still a solitary rose  
Its finely chiselled petal shows,  
Spared to adorn her final tomb,  
Instinct with adamantine bloom.—  
Thence as she wields her fatal wand,  
Huge fragments fall on either hand.  
Oblivion blots the mystic rime  
Where Sculpture tells of olden time ;  
And the lank weeds obtrusive wave  
O'er prostrate shaft, and rifted grave.  
But goodlier incense upward soars

From Scotia's truth-saluted shores,  
Than warmed, to plead with saints on high,  
Those wrecks of idol pageantry.  
Relumed the Christian's filmy sight,  
From fount of empyrèan light.  
His heart's pure aspirations rise,  
Its own sweet-savoured sacrifice ;  
And shines unveiled the face of day,  
For error's haze is rolled away.  
And holier fanes, and nobler towers  
Glitter from Tweed's o'er-hanging bowers :—  
As, on the silver-rippled river  
That glides in changeful mazes ever,  
Now rapid pours a headlong flood,  
Now sleeps in clear unruffled mood,  
Where widest spreads its lucid breast,  
The mirrored landscape smiles confest.

Yea, in the stilly depths below,  
Where the smooth wave scarce seems to flow,

A picture gleams serenely fair,  
 Like real scene in realms of air,  
 O'er which the stream of Time is flowing :—  
 But Tweed's bright river calmly glowing  
 Is hurrying to the boundless sea,  
 As Time into Eternity !

'Tis eve—the sinking sun has dyed  
 Thy pendent groves, steep Bemerside !  
 And flung o'er Minto's craggy height  
 His gorgeous robe of rubied light.  
 Now fade his latest rays upon  
 The Muses' loved pavilion, (⁵)  
 Where, circling round their votive shrine,  
 Auspicious dance th' Aonian Nine ;  
 And instant with vindictive glow  
 Apollo twangs his fateful bow.  
 As strung anew each classic lyre  
 Through Albyn glows with wonted fire :  
 Since Ossian broke their recreant thrall

In storm-swept Morven's caverned hall ;  
And Leader babbled with thy " rounne "  
Of knightly venture, Erceldoune ;  
And captive Monarch poured lament  
In lovelorn numbers eloquent,  
Entranced by glimpse of Beauty's star  
Through regal Windsor's latticed bar ;  
And music sighed through Esk's deep glen  
From vocal grot of Hawthornden ;  
And " Gentle Shepherd's " pastoral strain  
Bade Grecian idylls breathe again.  
Great Phœbus, too, in truer guise  
Once more careers poetic skies :  
Since hymned by peasant bard of Ayr,  
With chaplet crowned of gowans fair ;  
While at his beck the Seasons wait,  
Each with apportioned scroll of fate,  
And garland of her own fresh flowers  
Successive culled from Ednam bowers :  
And still the Border Minstrel's lay

Restores dun eld to vivid day ;  
 And the rapt Seer of stern Argyle  
 Endows e'en Hope with sweeter smile.

Lo, Cheviot's darkening links afar,  
 Festooned on high, from star to star !  
 The cold night winds my chords benumb,  
 And Echo's mimic shell grows dumb ;  
 And Dryburgh's hospitable Lord  
 Invites to join the social board :  
 So, striking faint a brief farewell,  
 Till Morn unlocks their frigid spell,  
 I leave my eirie pinnacle. (\*)

## PART II.

**The Colossal Statue of William Wallace.**

AH ! who is he, whose giant form (')  
Seems striding through the mountain-storm ?  
Burst the loud thunders o'er his head,  
The rent rocks quake beneath his tread ;  
Tweed dashes on, and wildly roars,  
Like ocean round Iona's shores ;  
And yon hoarse pibroch's sullen cry  
Moans to the wind meet symphony.

Now a lone sun-beam thrown aslant  
Illumes that frame of adamant,

So vast of height, so huge of limb,  
 That you might fairly deem it him  
 Who erst Nemæa's lion slew,  
 And back from hell Alceste drew ;  
 For whom, (repentant of the harm  
 Wrought by the tunic's fatal charm,)  
 Deïanira bade to flow  
 Her unremitting wail of woe.  
 One hand upraised has grasped the hilt  
 Where soon shall Southron blood be spilt ;  
 The other leans upon the shield  
 Which he in Scotland's right shall wield.  
 For lo !—as if on Lanark's hill  
 He ranged the blazing woodland still,  
 While widow's shriek, and ruffian jeer  
 Smote frequent his indignant ear,  
 And his keen eye, quick flashing round,  
 Saw unredeemed his native ground,  
 His iron nerves all strung for fight,  
 His soul all maddening into might,

He tosses from his haughty brow  
A proud defiance to the foe.

'Tis WALLACE! ay, for such he stood,  
Gazing on Clyde's romantic flood,  
And pondered o'er his country's pain,  
And vowed to break its servile chain;  
But if, amid the patriot throes  
That tore his breast, for Scotland's woes,  
One struggling pang he strove to hide,  
Ascending Cartlane's caverned side, (<sup>8</sup>)  
And dropt, to soothe his deep distress,  
One tear of softer tenderness,  
Which seared his cheek like flame of fire,  
And urged him forth with fiercer ire,  
Oh! 'twas for her, whose angel form  
Then beckoned through the threatening storm,  
And mounting up the ambient sky,  
Proclaimed Revenge and Victory.

Hark ! by that slogan's potent swell  
 Old Time has lost his secret spell,  
 Oblivion lifts the murky shroud,  
 And start to life the fair, the proud,  
 The brave,—their native land to free,  
 Or greatly die for liberty.  
 But chief amid that shadowy throng,  
 And first those beauteous maids among,  
 Lo ! Marion smiles, her moon-like shield  
 Glimmers in glory o'er the field ;  
 From moat, from cairn, with ready leap,  
 A thousand plaided warriors sweep,  
 The broad claymore they now resume,  
 And glittering casque, and dancing plume,  
 Now, circling round their chieftain, fade  
 To marble rest, and viewless shade !

Hushed is the gale,—the echoes mute.  
 Save to the lassie's tinkling lute ;

The sun breaks out with golden gleam ;  
In smoother current flows the stream ;  
The groves, the rocks, the hills reply  
To heaven their grateful sympathy.  
Ha! well I ken in Modan's fane,  
The chantress of that softer strain :  
On couch of moss-enamelled shrine  
Hail ! sprite ærial ! nymph divine !  
For sure yon tartan's wavy fold  
Engirds no maid of mortal mould,  
But the coy Muse, and Dryad Queen  
Of Eildon's triple cone, I ween ;  
Her form, like grace celestial, bent  
O'er her Æolian instrument ;  
And while she sweeps the bounding wire  
With lightsome touch, and glance of fire,  
Her snowy fingers, as they fly,  
Dispense the notes of melody,  
Which scattered wide, like dewy spray,  
In brilliant sparkles melt away.

So, the fleet sea-birds, hovering high,  
 Dart through the billow, instantly ;  
 So, rising into light again,  
 Shake from their wings the glistening rain.

But list! what furtive breeze may bear  
 Of voice and lute's accordant air :

SONG.

Teviot! Teviot! gentle tide,  
 Through thine own sweet valley peacefully glide,  
 Calmly, yet happily murmuring on,  
 Join chorus with Tweed that such trophies  
     were won ;  
 But thy jealous wave shall blush no more  
 At the Saxon's glaive, and the Gael's claymore :  
 Ye lonely lakes of limpid blue,  
 That mirror the mountains round Benvenue :  
 Gray towers of Stirling impregnable  
 To the booming cannon and shattering shell :

Ye cloud-crown'd heights of Loch-na-Garr :  
Ye dark-waving pines in the forest of Mar :  
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Caledonia is free,  
And Wallace her champion of liberty !

Yes ! thus it is, the times are gone  
When serried armour fearful shone.  
No dire alarm of border-fray  
Disturbs the cotter's blithesome day,  
Or village dance and roundelay ;  
Dun Cheviot spies no lurking spear  
Betray a faithless Tyrant near ;  
From Smaylholm tow'r no bugles blow  
A challenge to the startled foe :  
But Scotia now, of milder mien,  
With roseate bloom, and eye serene,  
Robed in white vest of spangled dew,  
And various scarf of rainbow hue,  
Waves o'er the realm the wand of peace,  
Bids war subside and discord cease ;

Yet darkly frowns [redacted] when [redacted]  
 Recalls [redacted] deed of shame ;  
 And grateful binds the laurel bough  
 Around her martyr-hero's brow.

*Edward's name*  
*a tyrant's*

*may long*  
 Great chief ! thine image [redacted] stand  
 The [redacted] of the land,  
 To share the beam, the storm to brave,  
 When summers smile, or winters rave ;  
 While many a Scot shall view yon urn,  
 And with heroic passion burn ;  
 And many a bard of silver Tweed  
 Shall tune to thee his rural reed,  
 Weaving among thy deathless bays  
 A wreath to noble Buchan's praise ;  
 Who, mindful of his sires of old  
 Through whom the blood of freedom rolled,  
 And feeling in his pulse the thrill  
 Of the same glory beating still,

*symbolized  
 glory,*

Has reared thy giant-frame sublime,  
To link the past with future time.

How sad from those we love to part,  
And feel the wrench that tears the heart !  
Yet from the parting glance we borrow  
A charm to soften future sorrow ;  
And lives in friendship's cherished token  
A spell to heal the tendril broken.  
Oh ! thus the mind holds kindred tie  
With Nature's genial harmony ;  
Whence we may gather as we gaze,  
Fair visions for life's later days,  
When Memory paints some scene again,  
(Theme haply of a boyish strain,)  
And bids the mellowed landscape roll  
In beauty o'er our pensive soul.

Whether I wistful turn to view  
The clustering bells of heavenly blue,

Or feathery brake, or tufted heath,  
 Whose fragrance is from Freedom's breath :—  
 Rough craig, bleak muir, or garnished grove,  
 All claim a lingering look of love.

Dryburgh ! if e'er thy rocks prolong  
 An echo of my pilgrim song—  
 If partial eye of bard or sage  
 Shall frownless scan this minstrel page—  
 'Twas Eildon's Muse the lay inspired,  
 Which thy enchanting vale required,  
 Who, from her mount Parnassian, lent  
 My hands a fitter instrument,  
 And deigned, methought, in fond reply,  
 A bolder, wilder melody.  
 But Duty's call I now obey,  
 (Waned is my summer holiday,)  
 And sighing, loth to gaze my last,  
 My carol o'er, my sojourn past,

c

With votive mistletoe entwine,  
And to its oaken bough resign  
The elfin harp I fancied mine.

## THE RAINBOW.

HAIL ! beauteous meteor of the thousand dyes ;\*  
 Emblazoned, like a trophy, on the skies.  
 Heaven's richest hues inlay thy graceful span,  
 Kindled to glory ; for a sign to man.  
 Those vivid tints that through the welkin shine,  
 Proclaim thy matchless Architect divine.  
 Gemmed by the rain-drops, was the tissue spun  
 With golden threads irradiate of the sun,  
 Like stars enwreathed ; whose myriad spangles  
                   throw  
 The prism's gay lustre to the world below.  
 Weft of mute music thou, whose pictured tones  
 Blend in accord, and melt in kindred zones :

\* Mille <sup>ans d</sup>trahit <sup>^</sup>varios averso sole colores.—VING.

Light's optic diapason ; whence on high  
Angels attune responsive melody.

Sweet solace ours, when lurid tempests frown,  
To mark thy gradual braid th' horizon crown !  
First, faint brief segments spring on either hand,  
Whence lost abrupt, soon longer curves expand ;  
More massive, high upreared, the glowing form  
In bolder contrast now bestrides the storm :  
Fain its lithe column would our arms embrace,  
Yet at each step a fleeting beam we chase ;  
And while we fear lest, ere the whole be viewed,  
The subtle vision may our sight elude,  
Mercy, prompt herald from the realms above,  
Buoyed in the ambient air of heavenly love,  
With steadfast key-link binds the quivering arch,  
Then speeds adown to earth her volant march.

See ! through the dark depths of th' unfathomed main

The mirrored brilliance softly gleams again ;  
Warning the surges that their ruthless might  
No more shall revel on the mountain height,  
Nor through the fertile fields and vallies rave,  
Engulfing all things in the whirling wave :  
No! for when 'neath Armenia's summits hoar  
The shrunken waters chafed their slimy shore,  
And found whene'er they strove beyond to roam,  
The rising cliffs rebuke their baffled foam ;—  
When the glad fathers of man's rescued race,  
Exulting on the lone ark's resting-place,  
Had bent the knee, invoked th' Almighty name,  
Drawn votive blood, and fanned the sacred  
flame ;—  
When o'er wan Nature burst that sun-lit smile,  
(Made lovely through her glistening tears the  
while ;)  
Then from the heavens was heard an awful  
voice  
That bade the favoured patriarch rejoice .

Well pleased the Deity had seen arise  
Prayer mingling with the smoke of sacrifice :\*  
And now the solemn covenant he swore,  
That he would flood the new-born land no more ;  
Then rays from heaven with tears from earth he  
    blent,  
And wrote his promise on the firmament.†

View it, vain man, whose dull, unheeding soul‡  
No blissful hopes, no conscious fears control,  
Nor the pale splendour of the moon absorbs,  
Nor the deep rapture of the twinkling orbs ;  
Whose sordid thought ne'er searched creation's  
    laws  
For the vast goodness of th' Omniscient Cause,  
Ne'er felt ecstatic joy when laughing May  
Wreathes with young flowers the verdant brow  
    of day,

\* Rev. viii. 4.

† Gen. viii. and ix.

‡ Ecclus. xliii. 11.

Nor owned with transport chastened, awed,  
refined,  
Might on the mountain, wonder in the wind :  
Behold ! and, though thou deignest nought to  
bless,  
Yet inly scan thy very nothingness.

Such thou hast shone, fair Rainbow ! when  
the sky  
Has clothed in clouds its blue serenity ;  
And such shalt shine ; while, grateful for the vow,  
All nations of the earth to heaven shall bow,  
Curbing the tempest on its thunder-path,  
Chaining the boisterous billows in their wrath ;  
Majestic symbol of thy Maker's might !  
Girdle of beauty ! coronal of light !  
God's own blest hand-mark, mystic, sure,  
sublime,  
Graven in glory to the end of time !

Nor dost thou live for earth and time alone :  
In paradise, around th' eternal throne  
Thine emerald lightnings play ;\* thine every gem  
Is treasured for the Saviour's diadem,†  
When, with a shout that will earth's centre rend‡,  
The Prince of Peace to judgment shall descend,  
Careering kingly over sun and star,  
The winds his coursers, and the clouds his  
car :—

No watery deluge then earth's funeral pall,  
But sulphurous flames enwrap the reeling ball.  
Thus thy triumphal banner floats unfurled  
Above the wrecks of this self-ruined world ;  
From cloud, from throne, from crown betokening  
mild  
Jehovah to lost sinners reconciled.

\* Rev. iv. 3, and Ezek. i. 28.

† Rev. x. i.

‡ 1 Thess. iv. 16.

## FRATERNAL VALEDICTIONS.

## FAREWELL.

Supposed to be spoken by my Brother from a Vessel bound for  
Madras, off the Isle of Wight, (evening,) preparing to sail.

FRIENDS ! kindred ! country ! hear my last  
Farewell,

Ere yet the winds our fluttering canvas swell ;  
Ere the bold prow rides swiftly through the  
main,

Oh ! let me sigh one sad Farewell again.

Whose eyes are gazing from yon rock-built  
shore ?

Whose ears are listing to the billow's roar ?

Whose hearts' thick pulse responsive throbs to  
mine ?

Thine, O my Father ! and, my Brother ! thine.  
Yes ! fondly breathing many a warm Adieu,  
Your forms still linger in my darkening view,  
Still wistful bending o'er the dusky pier,  
While each huge wave comes swollen with a  
tear,

Rolling along in mournful cadence by,  
And every breeze seems burthened with a sigh.  
But hark ! the toiling sailors hoarsely sing,  
Harsh grate the cables, clanking irons ring ;  
The anchor leaves its sandy couch below,  
And leaps relentless to the bounding prow ;—  
My heart oppress'd with woe no tongue can tell,  
Dear native land ! dear kindred ! all—Farewell !

## A D I E U.

Supposed to be spoken by myself on the same occasion from the  
Pier at Ryde, Isle of Wight.

YE ruthless gales ! that bear the bark away,  
E'en yet awhile her hasty pinions stay ;  
Ye boisterous tides ! that raise the troubled deep,  
In amber caves, and groves of coral sleep ;  
May the stern tempest whirl the spray no more,  
But softer billows break around the shore ;  
That, gently rocking on the rippling blue,  
Yon white-wing'd bark may catch our last Adieu :  
Nor throw, dun eve ! thy murky veil between,  
To hide from craving eyes this solemn scene—  
But would thou hadst before ! for lo ! a sail  
Hovers in courtship to the gusting gale,  
Another woos the breeze, another crowds  
To the full gathering of the straining shrouds !

The vessel heaves ! now stoops to drink the wave,  
Now towers aloft, the storm-cloud's wrath to  
brave ;

The flag's red current, streaming in the wind,  
Waves a Farewell to all it leaves behind ;—  
A Father's, Brother's aching heart, to you,  
Dear Brother ! breathes a long, a sad—Adieu !

*March, 1822.*

## DIRGE OF MAR.

ON THE OBSEQUIES OF THE RIGHT HON.

JOHN FRANCIS EARL OF MAR, LORD ERSKINE, &amp;c.

AUGUST 29, 1825.

Is there no fitter minstrel of the hall,  
 No plaided seer, nor poet seneschal,  
 To wail his Lord in wonted numbers now,  
 From Dee's dusk woods, or Snowdon's castled  
     brow ? (°) (10)

Ers kines ! I seize your long-forgotten lyre,  
 Touch its mute chords, and wake its dormant fire ;  
 That hill, and grove, and flood, and vocal plain,  
 May conscious echo to the solemn strain.

Lo ! fair Edina, on her mountain-throne,  
 Her tartan rends, and heaves the patriot groan ;

In plummy pomp slow glides the sable bier,  
And marshalled clansmen shed the parting tear ;  
Now reflux Forth upbears the gallant throng,  
And the poised bark moves mournfully along.  
O Stirling ! hurl the thunder from thy rock,  
Till Ochil answers and prolongs the shock !  
Yea, let the lightnings flash, and cannon roar,  
To the mute music of the glancing oar,  
For Alloa greets with sad funereal knell  
The hoary chief she loved in life so well.

While hundreds crowd the strand to bear the  
pall  
To Alloa's rifted tower and desert hall,  
A pilgrim bard, I view her scutcheon'd Tree,  
Emblem of patriarchal dignity.  
Deep strike its roots through Scotland's richest  
soil,  
And its full veins with regal currents boil,  
Proud thrives in native strength the stately stem,  
Each branch is braided with a diadem ;

Wisdom, and Beauty here have blossomed ;  
hence

Keen-flashing wit, and honied eloquence ; <sup>(11)</sup>  
While heraldry's emblazoned symbols trace  
Martial achievement, and patrician grace :  
See the grouped crosslets in the quartered shield,  
To mark the faith that nerved them in the field ;  
The dagger-crest that speaks the Celtic name, <sup>(12)</sup>  
The Regent's, and the Treasurer's flowers of  
fame ; <sup>(13)</sup>

When bristled ev'ry craig with Southron blade,  
Swooped eagle Valour from its eyrie shade,  
And, when the Scotian standard ruled the plain,  
Triumphant nestled on those boughs again.  
But if his loyalty's mistrusted zeal <sup>(14)</sup>  
Fired one proud chief, (despite his country's  
weal,)

To lift war's pennon against Brunswick's line,  
Mid Braemar's mountains huge, and seas of  
pine,

While panting pipes their deadly slogan thrilled,  
And clash of arms each hunter's echo filled ;—  
'Twas yet a Brunswick's high behest to prove  
The royal greatness of forgiving love :  
Though, scathed, awhile it withered, thence anew,  
Bursts the fresh foliage budding to the view ;  
And long may flourish that primæval tree, (<sup>15</sup>)  
Whose virtue bloomed its true nobility !

Illustrious Thane ! though o'er thine opening  
grave

In feudal grandeur trophied banners wave,  
Though high ancestral glories kindle, met  
In jewelled blaze of princely coronet ;  
Far purer meed, and brighter lustre thine,  
Than all the honours of thine ancient line.  
I joy that I have seen thy smile dispense  
The radiance of its meek benevolence.  
Ah ! many a sigh, from many a grateful heart  
That owns thy goodness while it grieves to part,

Shall follow thee, from Poverty's seared breast,  
To the glad regions of Elysian rest.

Day wanes, dun twilight glimmers on the shore,  
Each footstep gone, the pageantry is o'er ;  
In murmured woe Forth's sorrowing billows roll,  
And ocean-caves resound the bell's dull toll ;  
While my rapt harp, to yon benignant star,  
Still rings its fond notes o'er thee, NOBLE MAR !

## MORNING.

O'ER yon beetling cliffs afar  
Wheels the Sun his golden car ;  
Bashful Twilight flits away  
From the radiant orb of day ;  
Lo ! Aurora starts from sleep,  
Blushing yet her rest to keep ;  
And fair Nature, Earth to bless,  
Smiles in all her loveliness !

'Tis the mild and soothing hour  
When, their downy slumber breaking,  
(Ere the world resumes its power,)  
Health and Innocence are waking :

Buoyant trip their nimble feet  
From the green embowered retreat ;  
Up the mountain's steepy side  
Swift the beauteous maidens glide ;  
Clearer lustre, from the skies,  
Quickens in their gladdened eyes,  
And a purer bloom they wear,  
From the kiss of mountain air ;  
Where they tread, the flowrets gay  
Scatter dew-drops in their way,  
Dearer each than burnished gem  
On a regal diadem.  
Yes, when lovely flowrets bending,  
    Weep the lucid tears of morn,  
Monarchs, all their jewels blending,  
    Cannot thus their crowns adorn !—

Hark ! the happy skylarks sing,  
Light of heart, and light of wing ;  
Theirs the brisk and blithesome measure  
That attunes the soul to pleasure

As they dance athwart the sky,  
In their spirit's ecstasy :  
See, yon lingering warbler floats  
O'er her couch of purple heather,  
Trilling short some sweet fond notes ;  
Now, she links them all together :  
For her kindled eyes are turning  
Where the sun's new lamp is burning ;  
Louder now, her song, and sweeter,  
And her flight is braver, fleeter,  
High in heaven's supreme dominion  
Carolling the clouds among,  
While her light and trembling pinion  
Beats the measure of her song.

Where are Guilt, and Pride, and Power,  
At this mild and soothing hour ?  
Av'rice, too, whose selfish mood  
Chains the heart, and chills the blood ?  
Where is Folly's giddy throng,  
Who the festive rites prolong,

Or the mazy dance entwine  
Round the foot of Fashion's shrine ?  
—— Guilt has slunk to sleepless bed ;  
Pride has bowed his fevered head ;  
Sealed is yet the Tyrant's sight  
From the scathing glance of light ;  
And the Miser's sordid brain  
Dreams his treasure o'er again :  
They that quaff wine's maddening bowl  
Forge the fetters of the soul ;  
They that dance the hours away,  
    Night of all her balm beguiling,  
List not to the lark's sweet lay,  
    When the rosy Morn is smiling.

## THE KESTREL.

I HAVE lost my pet hawk, I have whistled in vain ;  
And watched evr'y branch of the wind-shaken  
trees ;

But I fear I shall never behold him again,  
Nor hail his accustomed response in the breeze.

Poor fav'rite, with sorrowing heart I deplore  
thee,

And sigh to reflect it was Liberty's breath  
That wooed the caress of thy pinion, and bore  
thee

From safety and home unto danger and death.

Yet ever 'tis thus with the freeborn of nature  
When robbed of their birthright by pitiless man :  
Fond instincts oft thrill the lorn heart of the  
    creature,  
Which tempt, but to shorten their life's stunted  
    span !

Nay, does not a wisdom supernal impel  
The hawk to dart onward through ether's blue  
    deep,  
And prescribe that the far-searching eagle should  
    dwell  
Sublime on the bleak crag's precipitous steep ?\*

To the Kestrel's snug eyrie the village boy clomb,  
And captured the nursling whose fate I bewail :  
I made the whole scope of my garden his home,  
And took heed that his ready meal never should  
    fail.

\* Job xxxix. 26, &c.

But what were to him smooth-shorn lawns, and  
    gay flowers  
That cling to the dull earth from whence they  
    are sprung,  
Or elegant vistas, or evergreen bowers,  
Or this sheltering grot with impaled victims  
    hung ?

Close homestead may suit bastard brood galli-  
    naceous ;  
Round the paddock bribed house-dove may  
    winnow and coo ;  
But the blood-royal falcon, of sprite more  
    vivacious,  
Scorns to flit with the tame fowl, or limp with  
    the mew.

Oh ! his it were rather wide-circling aloft  
Now with pause, now with quiver, self-balanced  
    to skim,

When foiled in a swoop reascending as oft,  
Now down on his quarry, limb rending from  
limb.

Thus haply he mused, when, like lapse of an  
arrow,

With shrill laugh, a cloud-fanning brother  
dashed by :

“ Ah ! wherefore remain cooped in prison so  
narrow ? ”

He screamed, and decoyed him to soar—and to  
die !

All is past ! see his wonted perch tenantless  
rocking,

The yellow leaf tremblingly floats on the air :  
While the wild winds, a false sensibility mocking,  
To my bosom breathe now but a grateful despair.

ON THE  
RENEWAL OF SCHOOL FRIENDSHIPS  
AT THE UNIVERSITY.

A COLLEGE THESIS.

"The summer friend, the flattering foe."—GRAY.

ON Isis' banks, in academic bowers  
Grows many a wreath of nature's fairest  
flowers;  
To summer suns they sparkling gems unfold,  
And bowing scatter heaps of burnished gold:  
Soft summer winds o'er bending blossoms play,  
Sip their pearled dews, and waft their wealth  
away:

Thus mutual boons by flower and gale are  
 given,  
 And mingled fragrance glads the breath of  
 heaven.

But frigid winter's hollow-sounding blast  
 On shrunken leaf, and sapless stem is cast:  
 Each flowret hides its smiles and sweets and  
 treasures,  
 Till kindlier spring renews her genial pleasures.

Now turn to man, who seeks these classic glades,  
 Their sun-loved gardens, and their cloistral  
 shades :

Lo ! rapt awhile in memory's pictured dream  
 He pensive wanders by the lucid stream,  
 Fortune and friendship glide before his eyes,  
 Good fortune leaves him, and fond friendship  
 flies ;

And frequent visions of his youthful woes  
 Pass, with a train of heartless, heedless foes.

*d* 2

Swears that they meet again to part no more ;  
Then leading on, with patronising strut,  
To make him of his jovial gang the butt ;  
Glozes with oily tongue and silken phrase,  
Hugs while he stabs, and smiles while he betrays.  
So friendship is renewed ! Fly cynic dream,  
And raise, my muse, a lovelier, loftier theme ;  
Sing how the friends of youth's gay morning  
meet

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When Time unlocks the ebon gates of morn,  
And lifts the veil from days as yet unborn,  
That veil he throws on those already past,  
And fainter gleams the further from the last :  
Yet friendship true can pierce the mist, and  
trace

Whole years of pleasure in a once-known face—  
Those years of mutual joy, and mutual sorrow,  
When hope's bright phantom pointed to the  
morrow.

See now from Harrow's hill of waving wood,  
Itchin's clear stream, or Thames' majestic  
flood,\*

Their youthful comrade brother scions meet,  
And hail him welcome in Oxonia's street,  
And bid him join, at eve, the jocund throng,  
When fleetest speed the light-winged hours  
along.

\* Winchester, Eton, and Westminster schools.

The festive board is spread ; and wit, and mirth,  
Race in wide circles round the glowing hearth ;  
And many a song to boyish pranks is sung,  
And olden jests flit blithely o'er the tongue ;  
And many a tale of mimic fight is told,  
How fled the fearful, and how fought the bold,  
How sportive conquest kindled rival ire  
In hearts all frenzy, and in eyes all fire :  
So friendship is renewed ! ye hallowed fanes  
Where piety with science equal reigns,  
Cherish the hearts with joys like these imbued,  
And seal the friendships mid your courts re-  
newed.

THE LOSS OF THE COMET,  
STEAM-VESSEL,

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, A.D. 1825.

THE wave is rolling o'er them !—they who late  
Danced on the ripples of a summer sea,  
All eyes bright-glistening, and all hearts elate,  
To dulcet strain of bardic minstrelsy;  
Soft, at the stern, sighed pensive Memory,  
With bosom-token and heart-cherished vow,  
Who frequent backward beckoned ; while, before,  
The phantom Hope that hovered round the prow,  
Smiled, gaily pointing to Glasgowa's shore,  
And the soothed winds and waves forgot to roar.

'Twas twilight: and the pall of eve descended,  
Gemmed by the radiance of no twinkling star;  
The moon had veiled her glory; but day ended  
Without an omen to that ocean-car,  
Or portent dire their happy hour to mar:  
When sudden came the crash, like thunder  
    pealing,  
That smote the shattered vessel nigh in twain,  
And she, like drunkard, on the water reeling,  
Her gallant trim while fluttering to regain,  
Staggered, whirled round, and foundered in the  
    main.

Oh, then arose a wildly mournful yell  
Of various voices shrieking in despair,  
The old, the young, a common fate befel,  
A common fate o'ertook the brave and fair:  
In firm embrace sank down the bridal pair;  
For them a couch of lank sea-weed is strewn;  
And while her babe a mother's arms entwine,

That dearer life to purchase at her own,  
 Its last fleet gasp comes bubbling through the  
     brine,  
 Yet will she not th' encumbering clog resign !

The father, there, upon a timber tost,  
 Doubts or to save or quench his        life,  
 Since all his youthful progeny are lost ;  
 Mothers with sons forego their generous strife ;  
 And clings no more the fainter struggling wife.  
 On balanced beam upheld, the hardy crew  
 Wail to the sister traveller of the surge  
 Whose rude concussion did their might subdue,  
 And all the claims of kindred pity urge,  
 In vain ! but few did from that wreck emerge !

*charles*

The wave is rolling o'er them !—so it rolled  
 Ere man upon its bosom launched the bark !  
 So shall relentless roll till time unfold  
 All into vision of what now is dark,

And kindle into light each heaven-born spark !  
Then must the sea her dead give up ; for then  
The trumpet-tone disfathoming the sea  
Shall souls to bodies join !    O Men !  
Of what estate behoves it us to be  
Whose lot is death, whose span eternity !

## OSWALD;

OR, THE VICISSITUDES OF PATRIOTISM.

A FANCY PIECE.

SULLEN and slow, that morn, death's iron knell  
Shook the dark donjon to its inmost cell;  
Sullen and slow, again, a louder shock  
Shivered the dismal vault's foundation rock:  
So stern that e'en the guileless pale for fear  
Trembled, they knew not why, that note to hear,  
And the pure infant blest in smiling sleep  
Rose shuddering from the pictured trance to  
weep!

So fraught with fate it seemed to all—but one  
Whose doom was death ere that harsh chime  
    had done.

Sullen and slow, once more, ah ! then the toll  
Spun its vibrations round the captive's soul,  
Warning the wretch it roused that he must die,  
Scathing his life-pulse with death's agony.  
Why slumbered he ? alas ! some fiend of grief,  
To yield his frame a treacherous relief,  
Benumbed each sense, and stole away his woes,  
And lent a marble monument's repose,  
Muffling the rough links of his chinking chain,  
In hope to hear their music—once again.

Then through the grated portal dimly swept  
Spirits of darkness, shades that long had slept  
Beneath the scaffold, whence the crimson flood  
Gushed for their victims' vengeance, blood for  
    blood :

Cold, sheeted spectres floating grim, and gaunt,

Seeking for kindred in their ancient haunt,  
Pointed terrific to the livid scar,  
Beckoned, and glided through the prison bar;  
And though they touched not, felt not, yet a  
          clang

Of bursting bolts, and wrenching hinges rang,  
Till all, ensconced in their sepulchral den,  
Laughed the shrill peal of horror back again.  
Nay, 'twas a dream! a moment! round his  
          head

Embodied pangs their phantom mazes led,  
A moment! and, resumed his calmer mood,  
Contented and resigned the hero stood,  
And blest the startling barriers lately riven  
To ope a pathway for his soul to heaven,  
And hailed the doleful chiming of the bell  
That warned him he must bid the light farewell.

Sullen and slow it booms! along the walls  
The stunning stroke with loud concussion falls,

Now rising blunted from the quaking ground  
The deep dull tones in quicker measure bound.  
The block is ready, and the platform strewed,  
(Lest England's oak should blush with guiltless  
blood!)

The headsman feels his axe, and smiles aghast,  
The Prisoner marches onward fettered fast;  
"Marshals lead forth the criminal to"—lo!  
He drops upon the floor like drift of snow!  
Was it the blasting levin flashed on high  
From the rent clouds that gloom the stormy  
sky?

Was it the muttering thunder's awful swell  
Convulsed the earth when Oswald sudden fell?  
Hark to the trumpet echoing afar  
Telling of mercy in the voice of war!  
See the fleet Herald where the throng gives way,  
(As mists embattled fly the rushing day,)  
His wand is white, his voice has silver tone,  
While this Reversal Justice pants to own:

“Oswald is pardoned!” these the words that  
fell

On his shrunk ear who knew their import well,  
Yet sank into his heart and stung its core  
As if their wings a poisoned arrow bore.

“Oswald is pardoned!” so with loud acclaim  
The blood-thirst thousands greet their cham-  
pion’s name,

And bear him off while streamy banners wave  
Above the spot where they had scooped his  
grave:

Owning by him the Senate’s palm was won,  
And all for Britain’s honour nobly done.

Thus Oswald who, with bright Ambition’s  
dower,  
The scaffold clomb, thence scaled Fame’s top-  
most tower.

Such fickle gusts by mob or monarch’s doom  
Waft Patriots to a triumph—or a tomb!

But the upright in heart will conquer still,  
Though ingrate man his cup with sorrow fill:  
And dire Oppression, whilom rampant here,  
Shall quail to Judgment in another sphere ;  
Whether she torture at one despot's nod,  
Or wield the many-headed tyrant's rod ;  
Whether a single victim sigh alone,  
Or trampled nations pour their mingled moan :  
Heaven's own right hand shall poise the scales  
    on high,  
And deal th' award in immortality !

## CHICHESTER CROSS;\*

ON THE OCCASION OF AN ILLUMINATED DIAL BEING AFFIXED  
TO THE CLOCK, NOV. 1836.

Lo! on Cicestria's Cross a novel sight!  
The ancient Horologe instinct with light!  
No distant lamp a fitful gleam bestows,  
But all its own th' internal splendour glows.  
O'er the bright orb a spectral shadow lours,  
Tracking the foot-prints of the dusky hours;

\* This Cross was erected by Bishop Storey about the end of the fifteenth century. "It is now one of the very few buildings of the kind which have resisted the ravages of time and injury, or have been preserved from the encroaching demands of the modern rage for improvement. It is of an octagon form, with an open arcade, and buttresses with finials at the angles. About the centre of each arch was placed a niche, which contained the effigies of the founder, others of the bishops, and of St. George, the Patron of the City Guild. When the parliamentary army

And all around, where darkness reigned serene,  
The grey stone glistens with unwonted sheen.  
Hark ! from the fretted roof strange murmurs  
flow,

Unearthly forms seem gliding to and fro :  
The Patron soars aloft ; the " discrowned King "  
Shrinks 'neath the Founder's canopy, with wing  
Outstretched for flight, dim angels fan the air,  
And grasp their shields exulting fiends to scare ;  
Sconced in snug niche e'en mitred saints repine  
To lose their chartered rest at day's decline :  
While with glad twirl the banner-vanes on high  
Flash their gay scutcheons on the sombre sky.

under Cromwell gained possession of the city, the effigies were torn down from the niches, but that occupied by the founder was afterwards replaced by a bust of Charles I. ; and a clock was given by Dame Elizabeth Farrington, as ' an hourly memento of her good will to this city.' " (Dallaway and Cartwright, quoted in Horsefield's Hist. of Sussex.) Figures of angels may be observed on the projecting corbels, carrying scrolls or heraldic shields. Every pinnacle is surmounted by a vane in the shape of a banner, on which coats of arms are emblazoned.

Now some good folks on olden custom bent,  
Yon wondrous innovation much lament,  
And sighing o'er the lapse of Gothic glory,  
Invoke th' astonished ghost of Bishop Storey;  
Others, who would not seem to lag behind  
The stride of reason and the march of mind,  
Proclaim this latest adjunct to the Town,  
The fairest jewel in her mural crown.

Methinks there's sense on both sides : I could

rave

On plinth, and pinnacle, and architrave,  
And mourn if any gew-gaw should displace  
One dingy beauty, or one mellow grace :  
But this new dial which may hostile seem  
Lends to the passer-by a kindly beam.  
Sooth ! it may flout the venerable pile,  
Yet where the use of what's not seen the while ?  
Dangers lay ambushed round it as it stood  
In dark, majestic, awful, solitude.

Now 'tis a beacon from each latent harm,  
A mentor, too, replete with moral charm.

Learn hence, my friends, when downward  
sinks the sun,  
The precious moments cease not then to run,  
But speed with equal motion, equal measure,  
Though man may revel in oblivious pleasure.  
When you by day that lustrous plate behold,  
The hands of Time, and all his hours are gold !  
The same hands, now, are counting the same  
hours !  
Let this thought rouse your souls' intensive  
powers ;  
For they who seek eternal joys to win,  
Night-vigils keep, and feed the flame within.

Then, brilliant stranger ! long, with ray benign,  
Mayst thou upon night's devious pilgrim shine :  
And, martyred monarch, saints and angels, stay !

Resume at eve the lore you've taught by day.  
Read History's lessons to us as we pass,  
Our vices show reflex, as in a glass,  
And with those vanes which round the compass  
    range,  
Attest that, save man's folly, all things change.  
As said Philosophy's illuminator,\*  
Old Chronos is the greatest innovator.  
The Romans Goths succeeded, Vandals them ;  
Celts, Saxons, Normans blend in England's  
    stem ;  
Night unto day must yield—(d'ye hear that  
    chime !)+  
Ancient to modern taste, and all to Time !

\* Lord Bacon.

+ The quarters are now made to strike.

## TO CHARLES CROCKER,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS "KINGLEY VALE;" 1837.

CROCKER ! I hail with joy thy new-born lay  
From the green dell in wonted measure stealing,  
Which o'er the downs invites our feet to stray  
With thy rapt Muse, her mystic lore revealing :  
So toward that pleasant combe we bend our way  
Where whilom, to the wearied spirit's healing,  
Did peaceful sights and sounds the heart rejoice,  
And Echo had a velvet ear and voice.

But, late, fierce trumpet-notes, and martial  
numbers,

Scared the coy cushat from her trysting tree ;

Each heaving barrow that the sward encumbers,  
Has yielded to the minstrel glamourie ;  
Fair MONTAGU first broke the warriors' slumbers,  
And while they battled on the fateful lea,  
Reviving the grim Scald's soul-stirring strain,  
Soothed with its Runic wail the vanquished  
Dane.\*

And thou, too, Bard of Lavant, now art come,  
Ere yet the Norsemen's barks have sped away,  
While twangs the bow, and thrills the arrow's  
hum,  
Which through the bright air rives its liquid  
way :

Ah ! well I wist thy harp would not be dumb,  
Where Cissa's sons proved valiant in the fray ;  
But mid the British camp would cheer the brave,  
And fling glad pœans o'er the Sea-Kings' grave.

\* Alluding to Miss E. L. Montagu's "Bard of the Sea-Kings,"  
a poem, published in 1833.

For thou hadst long devised to weave a spell  
Which thy own native lyre might thus beseem,  
Fraught with the fame of this romantic dell  
Dark-frowning, nigh to Lavant's storied stream :  
And oft erewhile, with sweet Æolian swell,  
A fitful murmur, and a flashing gleam,  
From its awakening chords, gave hope of song  
Such as now bursts the listening groves among.\*

But lo ! thou'st laid the ghosts of carnage dire,  
And closed the rent womb of each grassy mound,  
And nobler themes sweep o'er thy tuneful wire,  
Than mid the din of gory arms are found :—  
How England caught Religion's hallowed fire,  
How throve the polished Arts of Peace around;  
What time these vales one long blest sabbath  
    swayed,  
—Which thou restorest to the yew-trees' shade !

\* Crocker had commenced the composition of his poem some time previous to the publication of Miss Montagu's.

Come, let us mount Bow-hill ! and there inhale  
Health, freedom, rapture, which the breeze is  
bringing ;

Where mocks our chase, like polype's slender  
sail,

Light thistle-down its airy voyage winging ;  
Where high in ether blue our dim eyes fail  
To track the lark his heavenward anthem sing-  
ing ;—

—So thy pure verse, from each heath-tufted sod,  
Shall lead our aspirations up to God.

Thrice happy he who climbs the green hill's  
side

With healthful life-pulse, and elastic limb,  
And gazing round him on the prospect wide,  
Ascribes its varying beauties all to Him  
Who framed the earth, and girt the azure  
tide,

Who fathers all that creep, or soar, or swim,

*e*

Whose model, and whose handmaid, Nature,  
smiles

Mid Arctic icebergs, as in Tropic isles !

O Poetry, thou art of heavenly birth !  
Electric light in chosen bosoms burning !  
Music's prime key-note,—beauty's soul,—the  
mirth

Of infant eyes parental love returning,—  
The rainbow's span,—the fragrant flowers of  
earth,—

Sepulchral dust the mourner pale inurning,—  
Hope's radiant promise,—Memory's pensive  
tears,

The diapason of the hymning spheres :

These plastic Nature yields ; so in the Word  
Revealed what vivid imag'ries abound !  
A conqueror likened to the kingly bird,\*—

\* Ezek. xvii. &c.

Job's war-horse thunder-necked that scorns the  
ground,\*

In Rama Rachel's ceaseless lament heard,—†  
Beasts, forests, mountains, floods, His praise re-  
sound; ‡

In Sion's temple, too, where all was fair,  
One gate more "beautiful,"—and healing there!§

Such golden types attest with force divine  
There is a glory in poetic views,  
Though many a cold dull heart will not incline  
An eye or ear when grace or grandeur sues.  
Thus, haply, CROCKER, some may spurn the line  
That sparkles in the descant of thy Muse:  
Yet while Cicestria's memory lives, thy name  
Will add a lustre to her classic fame.

Then, on and prosper! Bard of gentle spirit,  
Of bland affections, and of talents rare;

\* Job, xxxix.

† Jer. xxxi., and Matt. ii.

‡ Ps. cl.

§ Acts, iii.

Still prove that no self-glorious vaunt of merit  
True Genius linked with virtue will impair,  
And that thou dost the sacred flame inherit  
No vulgar mind, 'mong high or low, can share,  
Kindling the heart, and glistening in the eye,  
The poet's wealth, and power, and ecstasy.

## THE CORAL AND BELLS.

TO MY GODSON, H. C.,<sup>\*</sup> WITH A PRESENT OF THE SAME.

ACCEPT, my dear babe, this slight earnest of  
truth

From one who stands pledged for the faith of  
thy youth.

'Tis a glittering trinket of silver and coral,  
Framed for play and for use, fraught with mirth  
and a moral.

Here's a whistle, shrill pitch-pipe of nursery  
glee ;

Jingling bells, too, for infantile minstrelsy ;

*\* Henry Crocker,  
The Poet's Son.*

And the smooth taper-stem with its roseate  
glow,

To beguile thy first pangs of corporeal woe.

But, when infancy merges in boyhood's glad  
prime

Thou shalt yield to the younger the whistle and  
chime,

And the coral, bright coral! yet not without  
thought

For the marvel-born lessons thou then wouldst  
be taught;

Archly challenging elder instruction, which tells  
Silver's mingled with dross, and the fool keeps  
the bells,

And that better than crystal, pearl, ruby, or  
gold,

Are the riches which Wisdom's pure precepts  
unfold:

Then the coral (no more to be mentioned than  
they

In compare of her gifts, as the holy words  
say,)\*

Shall blushing point to its own native sea,  
A faint emblem of boundless eternity,  
And timely forewarn thee of sin's sunken reef,  
That by little and little accumulates grief,  
While we heedlessly glide where its perils are  
rife,  
And are wrecked in full sail on the voyage of  
life.

But this coral was torn from some beautiful  
pile,

A submarine temple of column and aisle,  
With pagoda-like pinnacles, tier upon tier,  
Which beneath the green wave tiny architects  
rear,

Who anon sleep entombed in its myriad cells,  
While each billow retiring their requiem knells,

\* Job, xxviii. 18, &c.

Till nature o'er-roofs it with verdure and sheen,  
And continents stretch where erst ocean had  
    been.

Yet, if instinct these diligent insects so teach,  
Like the ant, and the bee, to us mortals they  
    preach :

For thus generations successive of man,  
Duly plying their toil on the same Master's  
    plan,

Should, in faith, upward build,\* and become  
    “ lively stones ”

Of Christ's temple surmounting this grave of  
    “ dry bones.”

There 'll be heaven above, though earth yield  
    but a tomb ;

Yea, may earth be renewed with Elysian bloom,  
And peopled by saints from the realms of the  
    blest,

Attending their Lord at his glorious behest,

\* Jude, xx.

When the sea, and the land, and the depths of  
the ball,  
Shall resound but the praise of the Father of  
all !

## MONODY,

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. CHARLES GOWER BOYLES,  
RECTOR OF BURITON WITH PETERSFIELD, MAY 30, 1845,  
AGED 50 YEARS.

MOURN on, sweet Buriton ; well mayst thou  
mourn,

While wider grief finds echo in thy combe,  
(Whose pensile woods seem palled with conscious gloom,)

For him, from thine indulged affections torn,  
And to the grave by thronging concourse borne ;  
The generous Patron, and the holy Seer :  
To flock ensample faithful, model bright  
For pastors : ah ! how instant he to cheer  
The stricken heart with Hope's celestial light ;

How cordial kindred virtue to approve ;  
How meekly would he chide the alien vice :  
Toward God all homage, to Mankind all love.  
'Twas his the Missionary's high emprise  
To plead and foster ; still, with mien benign,  
His fervent bosom fondly homeward yearning,  
The flagging zeal he warmed to deed divine  
Back as a gauge on its own conscience turning.  
His hospital ~~A~~ Manse the rallying seat *ble*  
Where schemes for public weal were planned  
and tried,  
With social joy, and tone of converse meet,  
From earth's allay sublimed and rarefied.  
How beautiful that modest Pastoral Cell  
On arbour'd lawn bedecked with fairest flowers,  
Which he, who scanned their painted petals well,  
Traced up to nature's God through Eden's  
bowers.  
Mid these loved scenes he closed his golden  
hours,

While summer oped the treasures of her prime,  
Bowing submiss unto his Lord's behest  
And bidding calm adieu to earth and time.  
In Christ his steadfast soul here sought its rest,  
And now awaits the crowning of the blest.

## INSCRIPTION,

FOR THE INTERMEDIATE LEAVES OF MY FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT meeter symbols could be found, to trace  
Upon this blank yet consecrated space  
Than these I here inscribe ? where meeter page  
For names that own an Heavenly heritage ?  
Our noblest household epochs I indite :  
The Bridal vow, and each Baptismal rite.  
Oh ! happy, happy have the blest years flown  
Since first I called thee, Partner dear, mine own.  
Seven precious souls we've gotten from the  
Lord,  
And thus the earnest of their hope record :  
Baptised in name of Father, Son, and Spirit,  
By faith in Christ, His kingdom to inherit.

On Pisgah vantage, here, our Offspring stand,  
(Like Israel, from the Red Sea's wave-walled  
sand.

Where the bright cloud had sped them, rescued,  
through,

Besprent but with their baptism's typic dew.\*)  
Behind them, Death demands each sinning soul,  
And, awful, Sinai's penal thunders roll,  
While yet the lightnings of enkindled wrath  
Point through the gloom to Zion's opening path.  
Before them, choirs of angels hymn His birth,  
Who brought good will to man, and peace to  
earth;

Jesus discourses in a strain divine ;  
Through human guise supernal glories shine ;  
Now darkened sun, and quaking rocks proclaim  
That He has paid our debt, and borne our  
shame ;

\* 1 Cor. x. 1. 2

And to the risen and ascended King  
The hosts of heaven triumphal anthems sing :  
Now persecutions dire oppress the saints ;  
Now heresy the conquering Gospel taints ;  
But not for aye ;—to Christ's ascendant sway  
Now earth and hell, responsive, homage pay ;  
Till the last trumpet's, death-dispelling tone  
Summon mankind before the judgment throne,  
To reap award of bliss or woeful thrall,  
Christ's kingdom merged, Jehovah all in all.

Here, then, our loved ones, oft in flexile youth  
Trace these glad vouchers of your plighted truth,  
And scan the sacred lore with ardent eye ;  
That God may seal their counterparts on high,  
To you effective made in holy life,  
And conscience clear, and thoughts with glory  
rife.

And your fond Parents will not cease to pray,  
As righteous Job was wont, from day to day,

Lest latent germ of yet unconscious guile  
Mid heedless mirth your bosoms should defile,  
And the arch Tempter stealthy entrance win,  
Masking with specious pleasure deadly sin ;  
—That hence you learn th' Almighty's wrath to  
fear,

And that His love your worldly travail cheer :  
In childhood, years mature, and hoary age,  
Whate'er the measure of your pilgrimage,  
Following the path your great Ensample trod,  
Which, with the Spirit's guidance, leads to God.

## IN TEMPUS BRUMALE;

CARMEN PRÆMIO DIGNATUM IN ACADEMIA EDINENSI, A.D. 1821.

A. T. A. HOLLAND, PAULISPER ALUMNO.

SÆVIUNT venti, nivis instat imber ;  
Jam leves flocci volitant per auras ;  
Terra candescit ; glacie rigescunt  
Fluminis undæ :

Impetu torquet Boreas lacertos  
Arborum orbatos foliis, et ales  
Mœstus effundit tremulâ sodali  
Voce querelas.

Deserunt agros ubi nuper herbas  
Ore carpebant pecudes vaganti ;  
Nunc latet pastus, stabulisque fœnum  
Mandere gaudent.

Semitam linquens procul it viator  
Inscius, visû nisi nix et aër  
Obvium nil est, hominumque sortes  
Plorat acerbas :

*frustra*

Plorat et sponsam teneramque prolem  
Ipsius ██████ reditum manentes ;  
Poscit infelix patrios salutem  
Ferre Penates.

Bruma ! sed quid te reduci dolendum ?  
Namque per flatus gelidos vigorem  
Corpori præbes, animoque grata  
Munera reddis.

Carior nobis domus est, et intus,  
Dum focus ignis calet et coruscat,  
Fabulis dulce est tetricam jocosis  
Ludere noctem :

Dulce, cum nubes gravidæ procellis  
Imminent, et cum trepidant fenestræ  
Et cavi raucis ululant camini  
Flatibus Euri.

Seu fremit dire pluvialis Auster,  
Seu nigræ nutant Aquilone sylvæ  
Turbido, in parvis rudibusque cura  
Nulla tabernis

Pauperum degit; superaddit igni  
Rusticus lignum, crepitante flammâ,  
Dum sedent circa soboles amatæ  
Conjuge carâ.

Cum tamen pellens tenebras geluque  
Enitet Phœbus juga perque valles,  
Mente quam lætâ reditum videmus  
Veris-amœni !

Tum susurrantes zephyri per arva,  
Tum placent saltus avibus canori,  
Prata subrident, placidâque cœlum  
Luce refulget.

Gratias ergo meritas Parenti  
Rite solvemus nimium benigno,  
“ Qui mare et terras variisque mundum  
Temperat horis.”

## TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

## TO WINTER TIME.

A poem honoured with a prize at the University of Edinburgh, in  
1821, by T. A. H., for a short time student there.

LOUD rave the wild winds, snowy showers im-  
pending,

Now the light fleece-flakes flutter through the  
air ;

Glistens the hoar earth ; and with ice grow  
stiff the

Waves of the river.

Forcibly rends bleak Boreas the branches,  
Forests denuding of their comely verdure ;  
Whilst the sad redbreast to his soft companion  
Trills a forlorn song.

Flocks quit the lost meads where they lately  
pastured,  
Cropping fresh herbage with a vagrant motion ;  
Now in close farm-stead are they fain content to  
Feed upon dry hay.

Losing his right path, far away the trav'ler  
Ignorant wanders, nor, but sky and snow-drift,  
Aught meets his eye-sight ; and the woes of  
mortals  
Deeply deploring,

Thinks on his fair spouse and his tender offspring,  
Now with impatience his return awaiting,  
Vainly expectant, and in vain his household  
Gods he importunes.

Winter ! but wherefore is thy coming grievous ?  
For by thy chill blasts thou dost to the body  
Vigour and health bring ; many mental like-  
wise

Boons thou affordest.

Dearer is home then to us, and within it,  
Whilst on bright hearth-stone glows the flame  
and sparkles,  
Sweet 'tis to sit round, with jocose the drear  
night,

Story beguiling :

Sweet, while dark storm-clouds hover o'er  
th' horizon,  
Sweet, while our casements rattle to the  
breezes,  
Sweet, while in hoarse gusts through the hol-  
low chimneys  
Howls the keen east wind.

Whether the moist South pour a roaring torrent,  
Or the dusk pine-groves quiver 'neath the North  
wind,

Turbulent, yet still in the small and rude-  
built

Cot of the poor man

Sojourns no dull care, but the happy rustic  
Heaps up the huge log in the blaze that  
crackles,

His beloved partner and their darling young  
ones

Seated around him.

But when effulgent over hill and valley  
More potent sun-beams banish cold and dark-  
ness,

Oh! with what glad heart do we hail returning  
Vernal enjoyments!

Then, gently whisp'ring zephyrs o'er the corn-  
fields,

Then please the woodlands vocal with the war-  
blers,

Soft smile the green meads, and a tranquil  
glory

Heaven illumines.

Gratitude therefore let us duly render

To our great Parent and benign Preserver,

Who the whole globe aye moderates with seasons

Meetly revolving.



## EPIGRAMS.

---

### IN OVINIAM.\*

PASCE meas pecudes, ter, Petro dixit Iesus,  
Quo, velut in scopulo, condidit Ipse Domum :  
Sic mihi, (num sperem ?) præbetur Ovinia curæ,  
In cœlos, agni, quin ut agantur oves.

T. A. H. Ovinia Pastor.

In die S. Petri, A.D. 1828.

\* The name Ovinia, here adopted by poetic licence, is given by Leland to the Isle of Sheppey, (itself an analogous English etymon,) as a district peculiarly adapted to the rearing of sheep : and Dr. Lempriere, in his Classical Dictionary, mentions a place of that name in ancient geography. In apparent corroboration of this conjectural etymology as applied to Oving, it is remarkable that Shopwick, the name of a hamlet in the parish, may be derived from the Saxon *sceap*, a sheep, and *wic*, (from the Latin *vicus*,) a village ; and, moreover, that in Portfield, another portion of the parish, immemorial rights of herbage for sheep are claimed over land now arable, or enclosed.

## TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

## ON OVING.

THRICE, "Feed my sheep," to Peter Jesus said,  
 On whom, as on a rock, his Church He staid :  
 So, (may I hope ?) to me this *Fold* is given,  
 That I His lambs and sheep may lead to heaven !

T. A. H. Minister of Oving.

St. Peter's Day, 1828.

---

## IN CICESTRIAM.

UNDE suum, quæras, duxit Cicestria nomen :—  
 En Cissæ-castra—hæc parca fluenta Lavant.

## TRANSLATION.

WHENCE Chichester her name derived you  
 crave :—

Lo ! *Cissa's camp* these scanty streamlets *lave*.\*

\* Cissa was son of Ella, King of the South Saxons in Britain.  
 The river Lavant, in various ramifications, surrounds the city ;  
 but its bed is dry during summer.

*In Virum Reverendum e fenestris Edinæ villam LARGO, spe olim eam, curæ pastoralis, obtinendi, respicientem, A.D. 1820.*

ILLE petit, sperans, oculis meliora, citoque  
 Hi super urbe movent, volitantque ad littus, et  
     ultra ;—  
 Oceanoque solent defessi incumbere—LARGO.

## TRANSLATION.

*On a Clergyman from his window, in Edinburgh, looking upon  
 Largo in Fife, with some expectation of one day becoming  
 Minister of that Parish.*

HIS hopeful eye that seeks for better days,  
 O'er town, and shore, and frith excursive strays ;  
 Yet rests *incumbent* on Fife's verdant marge,  
*Seeming* to wander on the ocean *Large*.

---

## ON THE RIVER LAVANT.

You ask me why in Summer time  
     Lavant owns no classic Nymph :  
 Alack ! at Summer's golden prime,  
     Naiads there would find no lymph.

ON A BOOK INTITULED " PROPAGANDA."

My kindred quill can scarce refuse  
To blurt this gentle slander :  
Sure it must be some *proper* goose,  
That penned the "*Propa—ganda.*"

---

ON THE PREADAMITE SYSTEM OF GEOLOGY.

SOME sages have assigned an earlier birth  
To the prime strata of the concrete Earth  
Than Heav'n-taught Moses dared ; yet have not  
stated  
How *old* was *adult* Adam when created.

---

WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

OFT have I heard ex-college Sophs  
On Worcester's distance play their scoffs,  
And to their sneers have oft replied,  
" Her rural site is Worcester's pride ;"

But from some *Maudlin*\* wag, I ween,  
They know the spot they ne'er have seen,  
Whose arch direction was to go  
“ A little short of Jericho.”†

---

*On a Parsonage House, lately tenanted by Mr. Frost, being  
repaired, and fitted up for the residence of the Rev. Mr. and  
Mrs. Bree.*

SCARCE much improvement in the manse one  
sees,  
Which, though the *Frost* 's expelled, admits the  
*Brees*.

---

SIMILE AGIT IN SIMILE.

How apt to note a wounded warrior's fate  
The French and English tongues reciprocate !  
See last despatch from battle's fateful din,  
The captain's *bulletin* is a *bullet in* !

\* Magdalen College, so pronounced, is as far from the central parts of the town as Worcester.

† Jericho is the name of a hamlet a short distance beyond Worcester College.

## TO A LONDON DANDY IN THE COUNTRY.

WHY call an honest countryman a "clod?"  
And laugh, through miry lanes to see him plod,  
Or on a gate with rustic pleasure swinging,  
Or resting on a stile and blithely singing?  
For thou, sweet dandy! art, if truth be told,  
Composed of earth, though hap of diff'rent  
    *mould*;  
And when thou strutt'st down *Park-lane* gay  
    attired,  
Thy dress is all prepared to be ad—*mired*;  
When senseless joys inspire thy vacant pate,  
Thou lov'st to exercise the *swinging gait*;  
And 'tis, I know, despite that scornful smile,  
'Thy chiefest glory to o'*ertop the style*.

## THE QUEEN'S TRIAL.

*On an observation in a Newspaper that none of the Bishops voted against the Ministry during the Queen's Trial, the reason assigned being the late promotions among them, and the expectation of others in future. (Published at the time in the Morning Chronicle.)*

In sleep are the bishops their sapience hiding,  
Or why, when a motion the House is dividing,  
Do they motionless stick to their stations ?  
And why, when Spineto\* can't construe a word,  
So silently sits each right reverend lord ?  
Are they dreaming of *better translations* ?

---

“MERUM,” LATIN FOR WINE.

How much better *tempered* is Bacchus with us  
Than he was with his own votive Latins ; 'tis  
thus :  
Our wines from the vines of the luscious grape  
come,  
But as for the Latins their wine was *mere rum*.

\* The Italian interpreter.

*On a New Road being made (between Brighton and London),  
through Balcomb, Sussex, leaving out Crawley.—1821.*

THE Crawley people, anxious to engage  
The favours of the chariot and the stage,  
Try every art ; but coachmen disobey,  
And turn their horses' heads another way :  
Disdaining up their *crawly* hill to walk 'em,  
They swiftly bound along the road,—to *balk* 'em.

---

*On reading in the Literary Gazette that at the late meeting of  
the British Association in Bristol, Professor Buckland said :  
“ It was in this city he had first drunk his geological milk.”  
—1836.*

MID Bristol's towers, great Buckland says he  
drew  
“ Milk *geological* !” What's that ? “ Sky-blue ?”  
No : or he ne'er had roused in fossil files,  
Laughing hyænas, weeping crocodiles !  
But his sly nurse, some say the Genii taught  
her,  
Cherished the nascent Sage with *chalk and  
water*.

*Written on the fly-leaf of a borrowed copy of "Whitby's Five Points," on returning it to the owner, after sundry hints that it was daily expected.*

THROUGH Whitby's Five Points you are welcome  
to look,  
If *you* then make a point,—*of returning the book.*

---

ON HAYLEY'S "TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER."

TRIUMPHS of temper ! he who reads them  
through,  
And patience' self scarce such a feat can do,  
Affords the subject, though he may not know it,  
An apter illustration than the poet.

---

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "PERCY ANECDOTES."

As you to *Hogg*, (an honour great,)  
Your tales on *Instinct* dedicate ;

'Tis right to print, and very plain,  
A portrait of the Ettrick swain,  
Or some good people might opine.  
You'd culled *these* anecdotes from *swine*.

---

## QUANTÆ MOLES.

THESE mining moles that hide in holes, and  
rear dirt domes anent 'em,  
Hint Virgil's "Tantæ *molis* (eh?) Romanam  
*condere* gentem."

---

## FRONTI NULLA FIDES, NIMIUM NE CREDE COLORI.

"LONG live the Queen," conflicting parties pray,  
While each to triumph hopes beneath her sway;  
Brough'm, in the new reign, trusts the Whigs  
shall glory;  
And Peel its aspect deems *consol-a-tory*.

*In defence of an Author whose volume of Poetry a reviewer had  
severely censured.*

AH ! hapless critic, seriously to take,  
And maul those stanzas for acumen's sake ;  
Not deep discerning 'neath their solemn mirth,  
The most transcendent satire upon earth.

---

*On Charles Crocker, the Chichester Poet's "Vale of Obscurity"—  
a poem.*

A SUSSEX swain, his unfledged wit to try,  
Scoffed at "the march of mind" and "poesy."  
*Where* is yon cobbler's pictured "Vale?" cried  
Will.

Just where *you* live, quoth Tom, 'neath *Crocker  
Hill*.\*

---

THE POETICAL ARITHMETICIAN.

At length I'm fairly through the "Rule of Three  
Direct," a most ungenial task for me !

\* The name of a place in the neighbourhood of Chichester.

But the next step, I've heard my tutor say,  
Must bring one's skill in *numbers* into play ;  
So, to proceed thus far, I'll not refuse,  
'Twill yield fine scope for my satiric muse ;  
Ample revenge, when Damon shall rehearse,  
In triplets bold, his "*Rule of Three in verse !*"

---

## THE PATRON AND THE POET.

"DON'T cram our minstrel," Aulus cries ;  
"A fasting muse is purer, chaster ;"  
"More pudding, pray," the bard replies,  
"For I am but a Poe-taster !"

---

*On observing in the MS. Verses of a Friend that the words  
"often" and "oft" recurred too frequently.*

YOUR ofts come too often,  
Your oftens too oft ;  
So, critics to soften,  
A few must be doft.

*The following gained the usual Prize of a Silver Groat from the Head Master of Westminster School; the public thesis for Epigrams, according to an ancient custom, being :*

## NON PACTA PLACENT.

THE THINGS (OF NECESSITY) AGREED UPON DO NOT PLEASE.

I blundered in Virgil, I'm sorry to say,  
So you in the Under\* condemned me to stay;  
But when from your table despairing I went,  
I thought to myself, Sir, "*Non pacta placent.*"

---

## CHARADE.

My first is a part of the head,  
My second oft covers the same;  
My whole is a subject of dread,  
When it reaches the ears of a dame.

---

## TRAVELLERS' TALES.

WHAT wondrous Fruit described that travelled  
Gent?  
Sure it was nothing but a great *Fig meant!*

\* "Shell" form.

*Written in the variegated Album of Miss H. Home,  
of Cowdenknows, North Britain.*

WHAT in this charming folio can I say,  
So richly pranked, so variously gay !  
Save that its white leaves typically show  
Their mistress' mind, like Eildon's spotless  
snow ;

The pink perfection hint at ; and the blue  
Own female wisdom's emblematic hue ;  
But some are barred for music's witching spell !  
Oh ! what sweet tones will Leader's echo swell,  
When sympathetic to the measure bows  
The "bonny bonny broom of Cowdenknows ;"  
And mid the courts of her ancestral dome,  
The chorus join in lauding "Home, sweet  
home !"

Nonumque prematur in annum. *Hor. Ars Poet.*

OH! that the bards of these degenerate days,  
Who in the *public* "press" would *force* their  
bays,  
Did first to classic rule and number true,  
So many years, so many muses woo!

---

LOVERS AND LAWYERS.

But marriage is a matter of more worth  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

SHAKESPEARE.

How apt is law by stern delay  
Long to postpone the bridal day!  
See Henry half his patience vents  
O'er compacts, deeds, and settlements;  
Though Ellen blooms with roseate hue,  
Piles of wan parchment mock his view;  
In vain cake, trousseau, priest, and ring,  
While clerks pluck quills from Cupid's wing;

Scarce can the urchin reach his goal,  
Deplumed beneath their rude control.  
Ah, what reck they of Love's sweet pain,  
In beauteous nymph, and gallant swain?  
Till barbed with gold are his light darts,  
They have no faith in conquered hearts.

April 1, 1845.

---

## SOMETHING.

(WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM, ON HER REQUEST TO DO SO.)

I AM asked by Miss ——  
Just to scribble some—trash,  
And the thesis she gives me is—" *Something!*"  
So my pen in the ink  
I dip, while I think ;  
And no doubt it will prove but a rum thing.

Yet she would not me thank  
If I answered point blank  
That my dunder pate was very stupid ;  
But would hint (by a smile)  
I at least could compile  
From some *ode-ous lyre* of a "*Cupid.*"

Now *I* deal not in sighs  
About *Stella's* blue eyes,  
Or *Mira's* as brown as a hazel ;  
Nor dote upon shapes  
That are pliant as apes',  
Or waists that are thin as a weasel ;

I am not one of those  
Whose whining verse flows  
Under "*Stanzas addressed to a lady,*"  
Nor prate I of grots,  
And bright sunny spots,  
And bowers *so* charming and shady !

I have nothing to say  
On the *Blue-belles* of May,  
Or the "*Pinks of Perfection*" in June ;  
Nor for *Prim-Rose* afar  
Do I tink the guitar  
To "the pale-streaming rays of the moon."

Nor my rhyme will I time  
To the languishing chime  
Of the *Dandy* who flatters a *Beauty* :  
He would vow that her feet  
Were so precious neat  
That his heart was enchained in her shoe-tye.

Yet pronounce me not Goth  
Because I am loth  
To mimic the ways of the many :  
A wild, wayward wight,  
I attempt not to write  
In the oft-copied phrases of any.

I adore the sweet sex,  
Like the laws, and George Rex,  
Loving all that is noble and British :  
But though this is my creed  
You may see (if you read)  
That my "*Pegasus*" is rather skittish.

Out of Nothing comes Nought,\*  
So philosophers taught ;  
Out of *Something* then *Something* arises :  
Enough, if these lines  
Should elicit those signs  
Of approval a poet most prizes.

1825.

\* *Ex nihilo nil fit.*



*Supplement to DRYBURGH ABBEY, AND OTHER POEMS,*  
BY THE REV. T. A. HOLLAND.

---

THE WATERFALL GLEN AT POYNINGS;

ON REVISITING THE SAME IN THE RECTORY  
GROUNDS, 1845.

ONCE again, romantic dell !  
I imbibe thy wonted spell,  
While recurring hours of youth  
Seem no more than present truth ;  
Since beneath, above, around,  
Blabs no change of sight or sound.  
Still within the maple shade  
Shakes the rock the hoarse cascade,  
Still, recoiling from the blow,  
Bursts in eddying foam below,  
Chafing minor checks for spleen  
That its might withstood had been.  
Further, by the bough-screened path,  
Sullen gleams th' undimpled bath ;

Then a less but merrier fall  
Ere the wave leaps out of thrall,  
And to balmy meadows hies,  
To repose its energies,  
Till its pent and forceful surge  
Shall the weltering mill-wheel urge.  
And again with twirl and chime,  
Dart into more genial clime.  
So a nymph, in gauze-like vest,  
Lithe of limb, with plummy crest,  
When she quits the quivering stage  
Where her step claimed vassalage,  
With a smile, and toss, and fling,  
Adds fresh airs in vanishing.

Now recline we, where the roof  
Thickens, noontide-sunbeam proof,  
On the rough-hewn bench that erst  
Many a wayward fancy nurst—  
Visions bright of bliss and fame,  
Such as youth alone can frame,

While in vain gaped wide the page  
Of invited bard or sage.  
See aloft the quaking bridge  
Spans the penstock's clefted ridge,  
Where the narrow channel shoots,  
Sluicing bare th' unriddled roots  
Of the trees that to its spasm  
Vibrate o'er the deluged chasm.  
If our carpet we survey,  
Where the chequering shadows play ;  
Mossy ground-plot forms the loom,  
Richly pranked with floral bloom ;  
Here wreath Hyacinthine bells,  
Here home-clustered Primrose dwells,  
There lank Cowslip's naked sheath  
Flouts coy Violet crouched beneath,  
Bends in green and silver hue  
Bristling cane of mock Bamboo ;\*  
These are Nature's brodered weft,  
Baffled Art must yield her theft ;

\* The Hippuris, Maretail.

While Creation's teeming store  
Bids us Nature's God adore.

Nor be praise untuned to him  
Who this labyrinth's scheme did limn,  
Opening free the winding line  
Beauty's pencil would define,  
Till he pierced the dusk recess  
Of the tangled wilderness,  
And the groping waters led  
O'er a new and nobler bed,  
And reclaimed to pastoral bowers  
This the choicest spot in ours :  
Pastor, Parent, thanks to thee  
For each pleasant memory !

But 'tis time to speed away  
Up into the garish day ;  
So my footsteps I betake  
To the garden's wide-spread lake ;  
Thence in thought to trace its course  
Backward to the bubbling source,

Where the chalky lymph distils,  
From the cisterns of the hills,  
Matted couch, which to receive,  
Glossy cresses deftly weave,  
While the withy on the brink  
Does his ductile wicker link :  
Cradled thus in veiled retreat,  
Myriad dribbling runnels meet ;  
And anon blithe minnows play  
With young ripples bright as day.

Such the Jordan which of yore  
I with but "my staff" stept o'er ;  
Whom—returned to stray awhile  
Near its ever-dimpling smile,  
Patriarch-like, "become two bands,"  
Prospered by Almighty hands—  
Its pure waters seem to hail  
With a glad yet pensive tale :  
Duly, then, to their sweet chime  
I would chant, in mingled rime,

Threne for joys no more to come,  
Hymn for unchanged hearth and home.

Nursling of the green hill's breast !  
Mirror of its wavy crest !  
Marvel of thy lucid tract,  
Foaming, thundering, Cataract !  
Brook, that dancest tow'rd the seas,  
Wafting rural melodies !  
Thee I love in each and all,  
Fount, stream, lake, and waterfall !

---

THE BARD .

TO A NEW AND UNKNOWN LITERARY CORRESPONDENT.

STRANGER ! has one spark of fire  
Shot, electric, from the wire  
That anon my fingers thrill,  
To the fancy's wayward will,  
Glancing far, from breast to breast,  
Found in thine congenial zest :  
Which, or vocal framed, or mute,  
Owns the pulse when throbs the lute :

As the reft shell of the seas  
Vibrates inborn harmonies  
When a gust from ocean sped,  
Does its coiling labyrinth thread ?  
Yea, by thy behest, I deem  
Thou dost love poetic theme,  
And, instinct with sense of song,  
My faint key-note wouldst prolong :  
So, with hope of plausible smile,  
I thy lent ear would beguile.  
Though I be not what I sing,  
Yet once more my chords shall ring.  
While I muse what Bard should be,  
Foster thou my minstrelsy !

Even thus the brightest lay  
Glows in sympathetic ray ;  
Even thus the proudest lyre  
Needs Fame's wing to fan its fire :  
Then the spark becomes a flame  
Which no vulgar scorn can tame,

And its spires of warmth and light  
Lambent cheer Earth's darksome night,  
Purging hearts of film and dross  
That the sensual soul engross,  
Linking fast the chosen band,  
Heart to heart, and hand to hand ;  
Till, the cycle wound complete,  
All their mutual fervours meet,  
Centred in his plastic mind  
Who such potent spell could bind ;  
Rarely dowered, if minstrel true,  
Men from worldly thrall to woo ;  
Fain to lead his rapt compeers  
To the lips of prophet-seers ;  
While, impregning from above,  
Broods, invoked, the Heavenly Dove ;  
Till they join in nobler hymn  
With the choral cherubim,  
Where, from countless harps of gold  
Thunder notes of praise are rolled,  
Round the rainbow-circled throne  
Pealing the Trisagion.

# NOTES.



## NOTES.

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### NOTE 1, PAGE 1.

*To lovely Poynings' sylvan vale.*

POYNINGS, near Brighthelmstone, Sussex, the Rectory house of which beautiful village was the author's home.

### NOTE 2, PAGE 3.

*The sacred banks of Dryburgh laves.*

FORSYTH, in his *Beauties of Scotland*, to which he has affixed two plates of this Abbey, thus describes the situation of Dryburgh, and the etymological derivation of the name:—

“The ruins of Dryburgh Abbey form one of the most interesting remains of antiquity to be found in this county. They are beautifully situated on a peninsula formed by the Tweed, about ten miles above Kelso, and three below Melrose, on the south-western quarter of the county of Berwick.

“Saint Modan, who was one of the first Christian missionaries in Britain, was Abbot of Dryburgh about the

year 522, and made apostolic excursions into the north-western parts of Scotland, particularly in the districts of Stirling and Dumbarton, where his memory is still to be traced in popular tradition.

“There is some reason to conjecture, that on this spot there had been more anciently a Druidical establishment, because the Celtic or Gaelic etymology of the name of Durachbruach, or Durachbrugh, or Dryburgh, can be no otherwise interpreted than the bank of the sacred grove of oaks, or the settlement of Druids; and we know that it was usual for the first planters of Christianity, in Pagan countries, to choose such sacred haunts for the propagation of the Gospel.”

The original buildings are supposed to have been destroyed by Saxon invaders in 547; and in 1150, another monastery was founded on the same spot for canons of the *Premonstratensian* order, by Hugh de Morville, constable of Scotland, under the sanction, and with the assistance of David I.

NOTE 3, PAGE 7.

*That in yon donjon's gaping gloom  
Withers the bud of virgin bloom.*

Alluding to the female who, Sir W. Scott tells us, in a note appended to his *Eve of St. John*, about the middle of last century, under the romantic circumstances here indicated, “took up her residence in a dark vault of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted,” &c.

## NOTE 4, PAGE 9.

— *but what unhallowed power*

*Shook to its base the time-worn tower.*

The Abbey having been considerably damaged by the army of Edward II., in 1322, and repaired by the munificence of Robert I. was finally ransacked and burnt, anno 1544, by the Duke of Somerset, protector during the minority of Edward VI. of England. This nobleman, it will be recollected, in pursuance of the policy dictated by the dying injunction of King Henry, invaded Scotland for the purpose of betrothing young Edward to the beautiful Queen of Scots, "a rough mode of wooing," as the Earl of Huntly observed at the time; but the violence and victory which distinguished his progress were fruitless. Mary precipitately departed for France, and formed an alliance with the Dauphin. The Abbey was annexed to the Crown of Scotland, in 1587. James VI. granted it, with those of Cambuskenneth and Inchmahome, to the lord-treasurer Mar, to enable him the better to provide for his family by his second wife, the daughter of Esme, Duke of Lennox, and cousin to his Majesty; and erected Dryburgh into a temporal peerage, conferring the title of Baron Cardross of Dryburgh on the same earl and his assigns, who accordingly

bequeathed it to his third son, Henry, from whom descend the later Earls of Buchan, (and Lords Cardross,) of the house of Erskine. The Abbey was afterwards sold to Mr. Haliburton, ancestor of Sir Walter Scott, and hence became the family burial place of that celebrated man. The property was purchased from the Haliburtons by Colonel Todd, whose heir sold it to David Stewart, Earl of Buchan, in 1786.

The author may here perhaps, not inappropriately, be permitted to observe, in extenuation of his offering to the public anything of his own on a subject connected with the literary domains of the illustrious Lord of Abbotsford, that it was principally owing to some kind commendation of Sir Walter's, conveyed in a letter to Sir David Erskine, in 1823, who had sent him a copy of the first part of the foregoing poem in private print, that he was encouraged to enlarge, and eventually to publish it.

NOTE 5, PAGE 13.

*The Muses' loved pavilion.*

An elegant circular Temple, built by Lord Buchan upon a rising ground near the Gardens, and dedicated to the Muses. The figures of "The Nine" emboss the pedestal of a marble statue of the Apollo Belvidere. Reference is made in the subsequent lines to the poets, Ossian, Thomas the Rhymer, King James I., Drummond, Ramsay, Burns, Thomson, Scott, and Campbell.

## NOTE 6, PAGE 15.

*I leave my eirie pinnacle.*

A rocky eminence near "the Holmes," on the south bank of the river.

## NOTE 7, PAGE 16.

*Ah! who is he, whose giant form.*

"On the brow of the hill behind Dryburgh, the late Earl of Buchan, with patriotic taste, erected a colossal statue of Wallace, which will remind those who have travelled in Italy of the magnificent bronze statue of Carlo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, which stands in a commanding situation on the banks of the Lago Maggiore, near Arona."—*From MORTON'S Monastic Annals of Teviotdale.*

On the pedestal, these words from Thomson are engraven:—

GREAT PATRIOT HERO!

ILL-REQUITED CHIEF!

The height of the figure is twenty feet, that of the base ten. The artist was a native of Dryburgh.

A sepulchral urn, wrought of the same stone, from a quarry in the vicinity, placed on a rock opposite, bears the following inscription:—

"The peerless knight of Ellerslie,  
Who waved on Ayr's romantic shore  
The beamy torch of Liberty;

And roving round from sea to sea,  
From glade obscure, and gloomy rock,  
His bold compatriots called to free  
The realm from Edward's iron yoke."

## NOTE 8, PAGE 18.

*Ascending Cartlane's caverned side.*

In the year 1297, Sir William Wallace began here his first great military attempts. It appears that Wallace having married a lady of the name of Braidfoot, the heiress of Lammington, lived with her privately at Lanark; that while there, a scuffle ensued in the street between Wallace, accompanied by a few friends, and a body of Englishmen; that Wallace, being overpowered, fled first to his own house, and thence escaped to Cartlane Craigs; and the sheriff Hesilrig seized upon his wife and put her to death.—*From CRIBBIE'S Scottish Scenery*, note 206, p. 396.

## NOTE 9, PAGE 37.

*Dee's dusk woods.*

Mar Forest, Aberdeenshire, through which flows the river Dee. This fine patrimonial estate, on which were the castles of Kildrummie, Braemar, &c., was forfeited by the leader of the insurrection in 1715, and has not been regained by his descendants. That of Alloa, Clackmannanshire, was purchased back by Lord Grange, (Lord Justice

Clerk,) the earl's brother, and Mr. Erskine, of Alva, conjointly, and presented to Lord Erskine, the earl's son. Alloa House, which is described as having been a very magnificent structure, was almost wholly destroyed by fire at the close of last century. The late highly revered John Francis, the restored earl, was paternal grandson to Lord Grange, and maternal grandson to the attained earl. He died at his house in Edinburgh, 20th August, 1825, aged 85, and was buried at Alloa with much funeral pomp.

NOTE 10, PAGE 37.

*Snowdon's castled brow.*

Snowdon was the ancient appellation of Stirling rock, of whose castle the Earls of Mar were hereditary governors.

NOTE 11, PAGE 39.

*Keen-flashing wit, and honied eloquence.*

Allusion is here specially made to the Hon. Henry Erskine, twice Lord Advocate of Scotland, and Thomas, Lord Chancellor Erskine, who, with their elder brother, the literary David Stewart, Earl of Buchan, were ████ in descent from the Lord Treasurer Mar. Nor in the explanatory enumeration of the more prominent members of this family contained in these notes, should mention be omitted of their intermediate ancestors, David, 2nd Lord Cardross, one of the few Scottish nobles who protested

*with*

against the surrender of Charles I. to the English army; and Henry, 3rd Lord, who suffered much persecution for his Protestant principles, and who, having been honoured with the friendship of the Prince of Orange, during his self-exile in Holland, was, says Chambers in his Scots Biographical Dictionary, "of great service in Scotland, in promoting the revolution settlement."

NOTE 12, PAGE 39.

*The dagger-crest that speaks the Celtic name.*

"Tradition states that a Scotchman, *temp.* Malcolm II., (1004—1030,) having killed Enrique, a Danish general, at the battle of Murt-hill, cut off his head, and with the bloody dagger in his hand, showed it to the King, saying, in Gaelic: 'I did it with my Highland sword, (Eris skyne,) and I intend to perform more such feats:' where-upon Malcolm imposed upon him the surname of Erskine, and assigned for his armorial bearing, a hand, holding a dagger, with *Je pense plus* for motto, still the crest and motto of the family. It is more probable, however, that the name was assumed from the barony of Erskine on the Clyde, the property of the family for ages."—BURKE'S *Peerage*, &c. Be that as it may, "Henry de Erskine possessed the Barony of that name in 1226: the fifth from whom, Sir Robert, was great chamberlain of Scotland under David II. It was chiefly through the management of this high political personage that the succession of the House

of Stewart in the person of Robert II. was brought about."  
 —CHAMBERS' *Edinburgh Journal*, Historical Families,—  
 Erskine, No. 124. Sir Robert's heir married the eventual  
 heiress of Mar.

## NOTE 13, PAGE 39.

*The Regent's, and the Treasurer's flowers of fame.*

John Erskine, Earl of Mar, and Regent of Scotland,  
 died Oct. 1572. Of his son and successor, the Lord High  
 Treasurer, and K.G., Arthur Johnson, the famous Scots  
 Latin poet and epigrammatist, wrote :—

In Johannem Areskinum\* Marriæ comitem ;  
 Inter Areskinus proceres nitet aurea flammas  
 Inter ut æthereas Luna micare solet.

And of his daughter Mary, married to the Earl Maris-  
 chal, the same :—

Nympha pari quæ sola carens, et regibus orta,  
 Luce tuâ plus quam nobilitate fites, &c. n

To the excellent management of this Earl as ambassador  
 to Queen Elizabeth, King James always greatly attri-  
 buted his smooth accession to the English throne.

\* Buchanan also thus Latinises the name of Erskine in his History of Scotland.

## NOTE 14, PAGE 39.

*But if his loyalty's mistrusted zeal.*

“ This nobleman (John, 27th Earl) appears to have been hardly dealt with. He is said to have been sincere in his professions to the House of Hanover, and in his confidential letters to his brother, Lord Grange, to have evinced the utmost solicitude to preserve the tranquillity of Scotland in its favour ; but attending to present a loyal address from the Highland clans, on the arrival of the King (George I.) at Greenwich, he was informed it would not be received, as his majesty was well assured it was prepared at St. Germain's ; that he had no further occasion for his services, and the seals of office were at the same time demanded from him. The unfortunate Earl then closed with the agent of the Pretender.”—SHARPE'S *Peerage*. The Earl had been Secretary of State to Queen Anne, first for Scotland, and afterwards for Great Britain.

## NOTE 15, PAGE 40.

— *that primæval tree.*

Lord Hailes remarks that “ the title of Mar is one of those whose origins are lost in their antiquity : it existed before our records, and before the era of genuine history.” The first Earl of Mar on record is Martacus, living in 1065, in the reign of Malcolm III. ; which monarch

changed the title of Thane among his nobility into that of Earl. This Earldom came into the Erskine family by the marriage, in the 14th century, of Sir Thomas Erskine of Erskine and Alloa, with the eventual heiress, as stated in Note 12 ; and their representatives always claimed, and sometimes assumed the title, but were not allowed to retain it by the successive kings, whom they, nevertheless, faithfully served, until in 1565 it was adjudged to belong to John, Lord Erskine, (afterwards Regent,) as rightful heir ; but with 1457 assigned as the date of precedence, that being the year in which Thomas, Lord Erskine, the 18th Earl, whose father had been legally " served heir," was formally dispossessed thereof by parliament—an assignment against which the succeeding Earls have always protested ; since it is clear that if the Lords Erskine have been Earls of Mar at all, (of which there can be no reasonable doubt, as heirs general,) they must date from 1065 at latest. The present John Francis Miller Erskine, Earl of Mar and Kellie, Lord Erskine, &c., appears to be the 30th Earl of Mar, the 33rd representative of, and the 28th in direct lineal descent from the above mentioned Martacus.—See SHARPE'S *Peerage*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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## The Dyke Barrows.

ON OBSERVING THE INITIALS OF THE NAMES OF VISITORS CUT ON THE TWO LONG  
BARROWS, OR SEPULCHREAL TUMULI, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DYKE, POYNINGS,  
WITH STONES INSERTED TO KEEP THE LETTERS OPEN.

*From the Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine.*

Ye Tourists of Summer that troop to our Down,  
Where sunny knolls glisten, and dark ravines frown,  
Profane not the rest of the long-ago dead  
Who mysterious sleep in their sculptureless bed,  
By carving the symbols of names—as obscure—  
On these primitive mounds which so grandly endure,  
Defining your gashes with stones, just to tell  
How “A. Bs” with “C. Ds” have romped through the dell;  
Nor by boisterous shouting, and giggle, and glee,  
Mock the ages’ repose of this lone cemet’ry.

Colossal the scale of each numerous grave,  
Still hollow the trench that its coverlet gave,  
Like twin infant mountains, they span the deep lea,  
Or like young billows cradled in trough of the sea.  
Soft turf encases them, emerald green,  
Enameled with florets of various sheen,  
And various scent, while the dwarf bells of blue  
Ring out fairy chimes as the breezes sigh through.

Yet whose were the ashes these hillocks contain,  
Of Briton, or Roman, or Saxon, or Dane,  
Neither History writes, nor, with less certain fame,  
Does Tradition affirm, nor Conjecture proclaim.  
Sure, never did consecrate this remote ground  
Arch-Druid, nor Prelate with Priests pacing round; }  
Nor were the dead buried with Ritual profound; }  
But straight from the battle were gathered the slain,  
And piled in these tombs rudely fashioned amain.  
Sweet thyme yielded incense, the lark wheeling high  
Trilled his tremulous carol in vault of the sky,  
The wild winds a requiem wailed o’er the hill :—  
Be, then, silence sublime their sole epitaph still !

Rev. T. A. HOLLAND.

## The Bugle of the Volunteers.

---

*Suggested by hearing that instrument played upon, in the Country, on Summer Evenings, after one of the Annual Reviews at Brighton, on Easter Monday, 1865. Reprint January, 1870.*

---

Now, again, at mellow eve,  
Hushed for Labour's sweet reprieve,  
An inspiring sound,  
Eddying from sequestered mead,  
Apt to urge heroic deed,  
Charms the country round;

Breaks against the grey church tower,  
Dissipates in floral bower,  
Trickling soft as dew,  
Floats serene o'er glassy rills,  
Laughs among the wavy hills  
Ere they melt in blue.

'Twas the serge-clad Volunteer  
Twirled those vocal volutes clear  
From his tasseled horn:  
Oh! when such enchanting measure  
Wooes the soul to martial pleasure  
Valour must be born;

Born, in cot, and vill, and grange,  
 Born, where startled antlers range  
     Round the mansion grand,  
 On the green hill's sunny slope,  
 Where the wild wood's vistas ope,  
     On the ocean strand ;

Valour, that unproved shall tend,  
 England's homesteads to forefend  
     Scathless as of yore ;  
 Valour, to confront the foe,  
 Prompt to lay th' invader low,  
     Dare he touch our shore.

Such the strains that erewhile rang  
 To the soldiers' tramp and clang,  
     On Brighton's Down.  
 When they poured ther serried ranks,  
 River like, 'tween flowery banks,  
     O'er its peopled crown.

Then exalting music played  
 Where they reached their gay parade,  
     (Tears gave hearts relief :)  
 Each deft horseman seemed to swim  
 As he dipt his rapier's rim  
 To salute the Chief ;

Bent He o'er his saddle-bow,  
 To conceal emotion's throe,  
     When the tartans waved\* :  
 He our Orient empire's pride,  
 Scotia's own heroic CLYDE,  
     Fresh from realms he saved.

\* I myself witnessed, or fancied that I witnessed, this incident, being stationed near and immediately opposite to Lord Clyde at the Review on Easter Monday, 1862; and it was mentioned in the newspapers afterwards as having been observed by others.

Eager eyes, though fondly taught,  
Oft in vain among them sought  
Some familiar form,  
Who nor stept, nor glanced aside,  
Borne intent, with gallant pride,  
Toward the battle's storm ;

Yet full conscious of their sheen,  
As of angels' starry een,  
Strode more stately on ;  
So in mortal conflict's shock  
Home-nerved heroes danger mock  
Till the day is won.

Sped they past the sail-struck Mill,  
And descending from the hill,  
For the feat of arms,  
Plunged adown the steepy tract,  
Like foam-crested cataract,  
Threatening war's alarms.

Some soon gained the further height,  
Some deployed in masses bright  
O'er the slopes between,  
Forming column, square, and line :  
When unwonted scenes were thine  
Lonely Bevendean !

While with flash, and smoke, and din,  
Dense battalions vied, to win  
Victory's guerdon fair ;  
Yet, mid sights and sounds of wonder,  
Even through the cannons' thunder,  
Thrilled the Bugle's air.

Warble, then, in tuneful maze,  
Bugler, skilled men's hearts to raise,  
Rural glades among;  
So may fresh hosts ardent come,  
And to pulse of booming drum,  
Swell the marshaled throng.

Thus shall Britain's Volunteers  
Cause surcease their Country's fears,  
Other Nations' too;  
Resting all in calm reliance,  
For "DEFENCE, AND NOT DEFIANCE,"  
Stands their Motto true.

REV. THOMAS A. HOLLAND.

Poynings Rectory,  
Hurst Pierpoint.





## The Church Bells of Bolney.

---

*From Lucas's Shilling Magazine, January, 1866.  
Reprint January, 1870.*

---

The Bolney Bells ring sweetly clear  
O'er hill and dale, o'er mead and mere;  
The wealden groves dance to their song,  
Whose faint fall distant combs prolong.

The broad-browed tower throbs to its swell;  
Quivers each shapely pinnacle;  
Bright vanes point round the sunset sky,  
Instinct with tuneful revelry.

Flops the scared owl, in solemn sail,  
His snowy pinions on the gale;  
And gibbering bats flit low the while,  
Nigh stunned 'neath dormitory tile.

Ah! if an iron tongue could tell  
The burden of its inmost spell,  
And man's reflective sense could reach  
Articulate, metallic speech,

What language would those varied tones  
That float and blend in liquid zones,  
And twine about his ravished heart,  
Through his enchanted ear impart ?

Sure there must in such mellow chimes  
Linger some strain of olden times,  
That noted to the folk below  
Revolving scenes of weal or woe !

For then, as now, fond themes were rife  
Of joy and grief, of love and strife,  
Commemorated each in turn  
Till lulled to rest 'neath sculptured urn ;

For then, as now, the holy day  
Was ushered by the bells' glad play,  
And wedding, birth, and parted soul,  
Had each its own due peal, or toll.

Cheerly they mind us Christ is born ;  
Salute His resurrection morn ;  
Or hail descent of mystic Dove,  
In tongues of truth, and flames of love.

A monarch is enthroned, or dies,  
They date his crown, or obsequies ;  
A victory gained on foreign land ;  
Navies repulsed upon our strand :

For these, for those, from out the tower  
Bluff minstrels hurl sonorous power,  
As if 'twere giants smote the keys  
Of huge cyclepean harmonies.

Now, at recoil, a sullen blare  
Discordant jars the reffuent air :  
As ocean-billow fully sped  
Grates harshly home o'er gravelly bed ;

Now softened tones, again unbound,  
Merrily course the welkin round,  
Wafting us back through bygone years,  
Past goals of bliss and founts of tears.

Familiar voices long unheard  
Seem into wonted accents stirred,  
Responding from sepulchral cells  
To the weird music of the bells.

Albeit the churl who time ago  
Whurtled the wheels to joy, or woe,  
Heeds not the clang, however loud,  
Nor lifts an arm within his shroud ;

The blooming bride, the furrowed crone,  
That sleeps beneath or turf or stone,  
Who deemed her epoch aye to last,  
Dreams not of good, nor evil, past ;

The babe that shapes yon tiny sod,  
Whose angel winged its soul to God,  
Wakens no more with plaintive cry,  
Nor needs such boisterous lullaby ;

From marble shrine the lordly squire  
Lists not to sound of bell, or choir ;  
Nor pastor, under chancel deep,  
Can festal rite, or vigil, keep.

But living men that tread the earth  
Should gauge of mundane things the worth,  
And, in succession, learn betimes  
Meet lessons from these changing chimes.

The Bolney Bells ring sweetly clear  
O'er hill and dale, o'er mead and mere ;  
The wealden groves dance to their song,  
Whose faint fall distant combs prolong.

REV. THOMAS A. HOLLAND.

Poynings Rectory,  
Hurst Pierpoint.  
1865.





# The Ministry of Flowers ;

OR

WINDOW GARDENS FOR TOWN POOR.

---

*From the Church of England Magazine, October 27, 1866.  
Reprint January, 1870.*

**"Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."—CANT. iv. 16.**

---

Lovely messengers of joy,  
Gem and gold without annoy,  
Welcome on your mission meet  
To cramped poverty's retreat :  
Smile in bright and fragrant bloom  
Through the alley's murky gloom ;  
In and out the ledges fill,  
Of the blinded window's sill,  
With glad eye and balmy breath  
Cheering e'en the couch of death.

Hither haste, more flowrets gay,  
From the mansion's choice array,  
From the cottage-border rude,  
From free nature's solitude :  
Cheap or costly, wild or rare,

Name we none, for all are fair,  
As they trail in mossy down,  
Or lift high a gorgeous crown.  
Bring but thrifty scrip of earth  
From the region of your birth ;  
Since the city's grasp and moil  
Space begrudge for ampler soil.  
Though your closing eyelids miss  
Dewy Hesper's genial kiss  
Showers shall freshen root and stem,  
And bespangle diadem,  
When soughed sobs of tear-like rain  
May impearl the dusty pane,  
Or man's mimic handcraft sprinkle  
Tendril shrunk and thirsty wrinkle.

Yet, if tinted petals pale,  
Sigh not for the sunny vale,  
There to flaunt in gaudy pride,  
Charity is self-denied :  
Unto gain may answer loss ;  
Here the boon, while there the cross.  
So on tiny patch of green,  
Withered weeds his bars between ;  
In pent court is faintly heard  
Trill of rapture-waking bird.  
Nay, your human sisters meek,  
Who affliction's children seek,  
Doff, content, their braver gear,  
Misery's squalid home to cheer ;  
Oft themselves, too, languish worn  
Through relief to others borne.  
Faithful handmaids such of Him  
To whose light the sun is dim,  
Yet who laid His glory down,  
Earth with heavenly joy to crown.

Come, with lithe and modest bend,  
Blessings to man's bosom lend,  
As erst at his primal hour  
When ye blushed in Eden's bower.  
With your rich and varied dyes  
Charm the sufferer's filmy eyes,  
While each leaflet's twinkling fan  
Chafes the dun air's furtive ban.  
Pure aroma round him swing,  
Fittest incense for a king,  
Mind him of his rustic youth,  
When he prized the words of truth,  
And, withstanding lures of sense,  
Followed paths of innocence,  
Where the lilies of the field  
Their divine monition yield.  
Haply o'er his pensive soul  
Memories sad of guile may roll,  
That, engendered from beneath,  
Had assoiled life's vernal wreath:  
Bid its shrivelled buds revive, e  
And the Christian graces thrive.  
Thus can your mute lips rehearse  
Themes transcending mortal verse,  
Themes that shall exalt the hymn  
Of celestial seraphim.

For, though apt subservient powers  
Ministered by beauteous flowers  
May the softened heart of man  
God's love in creation scan,  
And regard with docile ear  
Friend devout or holy seer,  
Who would from His Word disclose  
Gilead's balm and Sharon's rose,  
And the King beyond compare

In his own spice-garden there\*,  
 Till, renouncing earthly dross,  
 He embrace the Saviour's cross.  
 Upward thence his hope will rise  
 To the heavenly paradise,  
 Where Life's springs, a river grown,  
 Lapse in music from the throne,  
 Where flowers amaranthine glow  
 Fairer e'en than these below,  
 And the leaves of healing fall  
 Fraught with endless peace to all  
 Who shall reach that blissful shore  
 Where are sin and grief no more†.

REV. THOMAS A. HOLLAND.

Poynings Rectory,  
 Hurst Pierpoint.  
 1865.

\* "I am come into my garden" (Cant. v. 1).

† Rev. xxii. 1-3.





## Jerusalem the Glorious.

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Urbs Syon inelyta, gloria debita glorificandis,  
Tu bona viribus interioribus intima pandis.

BERNARD OF MORLAIX.

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*From the Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine, May,  
1867. Reprint January, 1870.*

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[The following lines do not contain a translation of any part of "The Rhythm of Bernard 'De Contemptu Mundi,'" a portion of which is appended to the excellent and popular version of the same by the late Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., including the special hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden;" but they are cast in a metre (only) imitative of the original Latin, as far as that seems capable of being rendered in English, substituting free accentuation for quantity. "The metre of the original," says Dr. Neale, "seems to me one of the loveliest of mediæval measures. The verses are technically called Leonini cristati trilices dactylICI."

O Sion, glorious, whilom victorious, woe-riven City !  
 Whene'er we contemplate duly thy mystic state, hope  
     beguiles pity:  
 Honoured, because of yore God's gifts thou hadst in store,  
     still shalt regain them ;  
 Pitied, since infidels rule o'er thy citadels, none to restrain  
     them.

E'en now the strong angel wafting the evangel on skyey  
pinions  
Heralds the saints' release from the foes of their peace  
through Christ's dominions.  
Soon will our Prince divine His people's hearts incline,  
mighty Defender !  
Till thou thy rights resume, and thy dimmed lamp relume  
with treble splendour,  
Israel's tribes return, Gentiles thence truth discern, as God  
appointed,  
And their immingled bands, lifting up holy hands, own the  
Anointed ;  
Who died to banish doom, rose from His guarded tomb, for  
our salvation,  
Heavenward soared again, while a resplendent train sang  
jubilation ;  
Here to descend once more, where His meek spirit bore fell  
persecution,  
Lion of Judah's stem, crowned with His diadem ;—Earth's  
Restitution !

Then shall the trumpet's sound o'er the hushed globe rebound,  
pealing in thunder,  
Knelling the end of time, hailing Christ throned sublime,  
rending asunder  
Graves of the wakened dead, some at their summons dread  
direly reflecting,  
While e'en the just appear palled with a transient fear,  
Judgment expecting,  
Ere Heaven's regions ope to their legions, Jesus before them,  
And they have perished who their sin cherished, Satan's yoke  
o'er them.

Lo ! through the Rainbow's arch mount in triumphal march  
myriad nations.  
Snowy-white robes they wear, palms in their hands they  
bear, stars are their stations.

Now New Jerusalem, garnished with pearl and gem, radiant  
 glory!  
 Looms, as foreshewn of old, blazoned like finest gold story  
 on story:  
 In her celestial merge the terrestrial ramparts and towers;  
 And on each sapphire street with ransomed mortals meet  
 angelic powers.  
 Oh! how their bright harps ring while saints and seraphs  
 sing: "Honour eternal  
 Unto the Lord of Lords, in whom all praise accords,  
 Sovereign supernal!" \*  
 Bride! and the Lamb's pure wife! rescued from sin and  
 strife, shines thy clear river  
 Fast by the healing tree, where the redeemed shall see God's  
 face for ever!

REV. THOMAS AGAR HOLLAND.

Poynings Rectory,  
 Hurst Pierpoint.  
 February, 1867.

\*  
 O pius, O bonus, O placidus sonus, <sup>pax animarum</sup> hymnus earum!

B. OF M.





## Eagles' Wings.

*I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself.—Exod. xix. 4.*

Erewhile, I gazed, in Erin's clime,  
Up to a rock-built mount, sublime,  
Whose lofty peaks were bathed in glory,  
A sky-invading promontory.  
Its summit near, in tranquil state,  
Erect, a queenly Eagle sate,  
Upon a bare and narrow ledge  
That outward sloped, with jagged edge,  
While her glad consort wheeling by  
Challenged aerial revelry.  
Beside her, like a lunar spot,  
Oped, darkling, a low-vaulted grot,  
The inmates of whose dizzy shade  
A wild commotion soon betrayed,  
Fluttered, and screamed, and leapt to sight,  
As if about to plunge in flight,  
And circling with ascending screw,  
To swim in ether's ocean blue;  
Then, fearing its void depths to brave,  
Crouched in recesses of the cave.  
The parent birds, with gentle cuff,  
Launched the shy nurslings from the bluff,  
And followed, prompt, that each in turn  
Might his meridian vantage earn;  
By stirless poise, lithe stroke, and bound,  
Sun-aiming soar, and lapse profound;  
And when their flustered strength was spent,  
And drooping beaks were downward bent,  
Gliding beneath their broken rings,  
Received them softly on their wings,  
That made a couch secure and warm,  
And fortress from affright and harm,  
Thence oft ejected them amain,  
Yet safe convoyed all home again.\*

Thus, Fearful Christian, courage take,  
And sloth's detentive guile forsake,  
Linger no more in downy nest,  
But rise above Earth's highest crest;  
Stretch the broad pinions of thy mind,  
And thou shalt happier regions find;  
View, steadfast, Heaven's empyreal shine,  
And spurn this world's receding mine.  
Faint not; for thou art not alone,  
Thy King stoops toward thee from His throne,  
And sends celestial guards to fly  
On gracious errand through the sky,  
Who, while supernal anthems ring,  
Uphold thy soarings, wing to wing.

~~For He, 'tis writ, is never far~~  
~~From us, who His own offspring are ;†~~  
~~His feathered wings shall cover them,~~  
~~His truth their buckler be, and stem,~~  
~~His hand arrest them falling prone,~~  
~~Lest their foot dash against a stone. †~~  
~~Such was the Priest who came to save,~~  
~~And from the tomb he rose to live.~~

For He, 'tis writ, is never far  
 From us, who His own offspring are ;†  
 His feathered wings shall cover them,  
 His truth their buckler be, and stem,  
 His hand arrest them falling prone,  
 Lest their foot dash against a stone. †  
 Such was the Priest who came to save,  
 And from the tomb he rose to live.  
 Peter when doubting could no more  
 With Jesus tread the liquid floor,  
 But soon besought the Lord to save,  
 Who raised him from the whelming wave. ||  
 David within death's shadowy vale  
 Would still his unseen Shepherd hail. §  
 Nay, e'en weak eaglets high in air  
 Confide in fond parental care,  
 Nor can a tiny sparrow fall  
 Without the sovereign Lord of all ;  
 ¶ ~~His~~ very hairs are numbered.

9 /

Let nought, then, thy reliance sever  
 On Him whose love endures for ever.  
 Black clouds may bode a coming storm,  
 Tornadoes dire the land deform,  
 Round the lit welkin roll loud thunder :—  
 "The Everlasting Arms are under!" ¶

30., 1867.

REV. T. A. HOLLAND.

\* Deut. xxxii. 11.    † Acts xvii. 27.    ‡ Ps. xci. 12.    || Matt. xiv. 30.  
 § Ps. xxiii.    ¶ Deut. xxxiii. 27.

—From the *Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine*, Feb., 1868.

9

By Whom of Man's far nobler head  
 The

Gr Memory Psyche. Hope.

*From the Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine for June, 1868.*

The soul of man can ne'er grow old,  
Albeit his body shrinks and fades  
Till he cast off this mortal mould,  
To soar above terrestrial shades.

Whether of air compact, or light,  
Enthroned in heart or brain of clay,  
The vital Heaven-descended spright  
Wields o'er our frame imperial sway.

Turn we a retrospective thought  
To scenes and actions long gone by;  
Their sights and sounds again are brought  
Identic, home to ear and eye :

All intervenient things the while  
Subside, as though they ne'er had been,  
And olden themes the sense beguile,  
As though their date were but yestreen :

The nursery floor with toys bestrewn,  
The tinkle of the coral-bells,  
The nurse-crone's lull, our mother's own  
Rapt gaze, that brooding fondness tells,  
When the ~~stiller~~ babe in lively dreams,  
Pictured we find not how, or whence,  
Would grasp, and smile, with dimpling gleams  
Of an ungauged intelligence :

Then, forthwith, of a later day,  
The mount, the cot, the chanting rill,  
Or sombre grove, or meadow gay,  
With forms familiar peopled still.

On Beauty's glamour, when we dwell,  
And Love's sweet accents murmured low,  
These, prompt, renew their potent spell,  
To tinge the cheek with conscious glow.

And, haply, one of mien sedate,  
Whose words of wisdom gently spoken  
Reluctant winds would dissipate  
Uncherished, though an angel's token,  
Repeats them now, their cycle sped,  
To taunt the spirit erst unheeding,  
Their music jarred, their perfume shed,  
~~And their very presence long ago~~ bleeding.

Yea, sometimes, loth, we entertain  
Celestial heralds, unawares,  
Nor list to the seraphic strain  
That follows down the crystal stairs :

Pushad

fragrance

And with their balm our hearts is

159  
Alighting straight from opened skies,  
They come on special mission kind,  
Their wings imbued with rainbow dyes,  
Yet to their lustre we are blind.

~~And when they come, we see them not,  
And when they pass, we see them not,  
And when they go, we see them not,  
And when they stay, we see them not,  
And when they come, we see them not,  
And when they pass, we see them not,  
And when they go, we see them not,  
And when they stay, we see them not;~~

9 ~~But may the present~~ brighter shine,  
Illumined at the Lord's behest,  
Until we reach, by grace divine,  
The mansions of eternal rest.  
Meanwhile, glance forward, eye of hope,  
Beyond the clouds that pall the tomb,  
To where the heavenly curtains ope,  
And view the saints in changeless bloom.  
There, too, shall memory fain revolve,  
To scan the secrets of our bliss,  
And in the world of vision solve  
The tangled labyrinth of this.  
Then each new-clothed and ransomed saint  
Will trace the marvel of his story,  
And in a song of rapture paint  
His earthly ~~path~~ that led to glory.

May, 1868.

(course)

REV. T. A. HOLLAND.

\* For fine developments of this topic, see Keble's "Lyra Innocentium,"—Cradle Songs.

9  
yet <sup>may</sup> ~~these~~ our paths thence

## Confirmation Day at the Brighton Terminus,

MAY 26TH, 1869.

*From the "Loves and East Sussex Church Magazine."*

Whence, whither, flows this stream of maidens fair.

With thoughtful brow, attired in bridal white?

Their chastened beauty chides each curious stare.

And checks the gibe of speculation light.

From rural tracts they come, on swift-shot car.

Whirled by the railway's thunder-steeds along,

And as they reach the urban station's bar.

Unmingling pass through the promiscuous throng.

So Christian Virtue her own path will make,

So cleaves tumultuous waves the chartered prow.

So Rhone devolves distinct through Leman's lake,

So peers 'mong clouds thy snowy coif, Jungfrau.

And soon, without, they seek the hallowed fane.

Where their Chief Pastor waits to fix and bless

The Fontal vows they promise to maintain,

Productive of the fruit of righteousness.

Oh ! may their future course consistent shine,

While pure they pass through this world's sin and gloom.

Still brightening in the glow of love divine,

Until they rest in Earth's reconquered tomb.

Then, robed again in white, they shall arise,

And at the Judgment of the eterne "I AM"

Receiving crowns, ascend beyond the skies,

To join the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

REV. T. A. HOLLAND.

May 31, 1869.

## Sonnets.

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### POYNINGS CHURCH.

Temple unique, enthroned among green hills,  
 And wielding o'er the vale imperial sway;  
 Thy pristine beauty owns no grim decay:  
 Thy broad embattled tower our vision fills,  
 Till we forget the meads, the groves, the rills,  
 And downs soft-heaving toward the couch of day;  
 While vivid sense of scenes long passed away  
 The wizard spell of poesy instils.  
 Then knightly tread with clank of martial mail  
 Frequent within thy lofty transepts rung,  
 And festal laud, and miserere's wail,  
 Or sadder dirge at chauntry altar sung.  
 Still summoned by their dulcet Ave bell,\*  
 In purer faith, may we Christ's mercies tell!

*May 13, 1869.*

\* One of the two remaining bells is inscribed " + Ave Maria."

---

### THE DYKE, POYNINGS.

Grand crypt of Nature's temple, stern and lone,  
 Walled by dusk hills, and vaulted by the sky,  
 Sublime in deep and sheer immensity;  
 Scooped from the chalky down's protective zone  
 Ere the first sunbeam on new verdure shone!  
 Then sprang the cherub lark to greet day's eye,  
 Preluding blithe Earth's grateful melody;  
 While God's supernal smile approved His own.  
 And since Man entered, last, upon the scene,  
 To whom dominion o'er the globe was given,  
 Scarce aught of change has marred this still ravine,  
 Its narrow cloud-flecked sky, its green hill riven.  
 What choir more sacred, then, where man may raise  
 A heart-tuned anthem to his Maker's praise!

*May 5, 1869.*

---

## Sonnet.

### THE DYKE HILL, POYNINGS.

*From the Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine.*

Mount of the verdant brow and sun-lit smile,  
O'erlooking, on one hand, the distant weald,  
And, on the other, Ocean's burnished shield  
By numerous barks embossed; with pile to pile  
Of kindred downs long-linked in wavy file,  
Engirding hamlet, wood, demesne, and field!  
Such varied charms thy diverse prospects yield,  
The toil-worn traveller's languor to beguile.  
Nor less the joy of those who from below  
Gaze towards thy summit, swept by venturous cars,  
And trace the cloud-rack mirrored in the glow,  
Or scan at eve thy coronal of stars.  
Thus, Height magnetic, long, as Time, endure,  
The champaign's boast, the haven's cynosure!

Sept. 16th, 1869.

REV. T. A. HOLLAND.

## Poynings Place.

*From the Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine, May, 1872.*

Ye giant Yews, that, robed in sombre green,\*  
Stern vigil hold o'er Poynings' prostrate towers  
And quaint dim courts immersed in orchard bowers:  
Oh! whisper what your pinky boles have seen  
Since first the pleasaunce owned your feathery screen;  
Then would I seek the Muse's forceful powers  
Fitting to sing, of merrier times than ours,  
Chivalric joust, and championed Beauty's sheen.  
Peered ye above the Castle's crenelled keep?  
Twanged your lithe bows in Poitiers'? Crecy's, fight?  
Heard ye doomed vassals in the donjon weep?  
Saw ye yon Church arise, in grandeur dight?  
Alas! responding sighs each ancient Tree:  
"To History turn; we yield no lyre for thee."

December 8th, 1871.

T. A. HOLLAND.

\* Two large, and apparently very aged, Yew Trees remain in the grounds of the present Manor Farm House, among the ruins of the castellated Mansion which was burnt down in 1727.

THE CHURCHYARD CEMETERY OF ST. MICHAEL'S IN FORO,  
LEWES.

Lone nook, like limning quaint of old romaunt,  
Its silence felt, with bright and fragrant flowers,  
That wafted seem from amaranthine bowers  
By spirits blest their cherished graves who haunt,  
To list the wonted choir's celestial chaunt;  
While from above a spectral fortress lowers,\*  
Like Salem's loomed Apocalyptic towers :  
All quelling carnal mirth and worldly vaunt !  
Return we now within the hallowed fane,  
With rustic spire bedeckt and turret round,  
And, ere we seek Earth's garish mart again,  
Muse on Redemption's mystery profound ;  
Till we of those who sleep in Christ descry  
Their present peace, their glorious destiny.

*April 22nd, 1869.*

REV. T. A. HOLLAND.

\* Lewes Castle.

Sonnets.

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*From the Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine.*

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SUNSET.

The sun wheels low and lower round the sky,  
'Mong cliff-like clouds, with golden creeks between ;  
The landscape shimmers in empurpled sheen ;  
From distant grove, and tufted dingle nigh,  
Fond turtles purr congenial lullaby :  
While through man's pensive gaze a typic scene  
Of rest and bliss, beyond that lustrous screen,  
Steeps his rapt soul in silent ecstasy.  
Swift may night's darkened hours pursue the day,  
Scoring with dint unheard the pulse of Time,  
Until refreshed we hail morn's rosy ray,  
And count surprised the digits of his chime ;  
When the enkindled orient shall resume  
The earnest sweet that pictured even's gloom.

*August, 1869.*

ON RECEIVING FROM MR. HOWITT SOME PLANTS OF WALLFLOWER RAISED IN HIS GARDEN AT ESHER FROM SEED GATHERED IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE LAST SPRING, BY HIS DAUGHTER, MISS MARGARET HOWITT.

Welcome! from poet's hands, poetic flowers,  
 Whose parent germs not long erewhile drew birth  
 In that most hallowed region of the earth  
 Where sterile crags, and age-gnarled olive bowers  
 Frown, over Kedron's brook, on Salem's towers.  
 Temper these bright parterres with solemn mirth,  
 While we may ponder His transcendent worth  
 Who died to save this ruined world of ours.  
 Within the shadow of the accursed tree  
 Ye sprung, from petals tinged as blood-besprent,  
 Reverently culled in dire Gethsemane,  
 Where to Christ's grief-weighted steps your fathers bent.  
 Look up! your favoured kin will greet Him yet  
 Glorious, on heaven-illuminated Olivet.

*March, 1870.*

### THE RING DOVES.

ON OBSERVING A PAIR OF THESE RESORT IN QUICK SUCCESSION TO THE SHRUBBERY IN THE FRONT COURT OF THE RECTORY HOUSE, POYNINGS.

Hail! gentle Bird, be hence our cherished guest,  
 Within the cincture of this homestead bower,  
 Though all around insidious perils lower :  
 E'en now thy mate glides by, in amorous quest,  
 To plot the riddle of a scathless nest,  
 On bough of viscid lime, with honeyed flower,  
 Or ivied crab, whose pink-bloomed frondlets cower,  
 To screen the secret of its nook of rest.\*  
 Here may the music of his tender wooing  
 Thrill the charmed pleasaunce with enchantment pure,  
 And, strutting, sidling, bowing, purring, cooing,  
 His vehement suit thy coy regard conjure :  
 While on each soft neck shines love's typic ring,  
 And choral groves your happy spousals sing.

*May, 1870.*

Rev. T. A. HOLLAND.

\* Their nest was eventually found in this tree, and broken eggshells under it.

ON THE FALL OF THE SPIRE OF CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL, FEB. 21, 1861.

"'Tis down ! alas ! exclaimed, abrupt, a swain  
 Who dived in loved Ovinia's pastoral bower,\*  
 And watched the while Cicestria's tapered tower  
 Bestriding yet the horizon's western plane ;  
 Till, instant, through some fissure's hidden bane  
 But late suspect, bereft of skyey dower,  
 It calm descended, with concussive power,  
 And sprites of eld, unchambered, fled amain.  
 Deeply did Sussex mourn that woeful day,  
 While thousands viewed the void with aching eyes ;  
 And soon her sons, convened in firm array,  
 Vowed that their ancient Spire once more should rise.  
 Then brave munificence with pious zeal  
 Combined the high and holy pact to seal.

January 6, 1871.

T. A. HOLLAND.

\* G. C., gardener to the Rev. A. P. Birrell, Vicar of Oving, three miles east of Chichester.

Sonnets.

2.

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE REBUILDING OF THE SPIRE OF CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL, 1867.

The graceful Spire has leapt again on high,  
 To hold companionship with sun and stars,  
 And storms innocuous whirled on cloudy cars ;  
 Greeting man's reverent vision far and nigh  
 From its long-wonted vantage in the sky.  
 Rid, since its fall, of age-worn rents and scars,  
 Yon deftly brodered shaft the welkin bars,  
 Pointing to Heaven a silent litany.  
 Strain now the organ's most exultant tones,  
 Blend, choral voices, in symphonious swell :  
 While thus her sons "take pleasure in her stones"\*  
 'Our Sion shall Jehovah's praises tell,  
 And prayer from cherished temples, constant, rise,  
 As incense of the heart's due sacrifice.

January 2, 1871.

\* Ps. cii. xiv. (B. V.).

## The Plane Tree.

(From the *Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine*).

Pride of the Orient, choicest in my bower  
Of all the Trees that vary shade and sheen !  
Thou hast the turbaned Tulip's vivid green  
To dye thy vine-like leaves ; thine is the dower  
That fresh attire supplies, with unique power,  
Renewing bark and foliage, where the keen  
Winds had despoiled, or deadly blights were seen :  
While, tier o'er tier, thy antlered branches tower.  
'Tis said, his armies halted and arrayed,  
Xerxes thy boughs festooned with jewels rare ;\*  
Though Nature's tasseled blooms more graceful played :  
Yet hence might Bard entranced conjecture dare  
Whether these budded erst from parent stems,  
Or those were transformed into floral gems.

September 7th, 1871.

T. A. HOLLAND.

\* An anecdote to this effect, as of a "ridiculous" and incongruous practical whim of the Persian monarch, during his march through Lydia, is related by Ælian in his "Various History." Abridgments of the passage are to be found in Miller's "Gardener's Dictionary" and Phillip's "Sylva Florifera." The Italian historian, Ælian, was born A.D. 180; King Xerxes I. succeeded Darius, B.C. 485.

## The Palm Tree.

(From the *Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine*).

The Christian life is likened to a Palm,\*  
Engendered 'mid the desert's arid plain,  
Where seldom cloud bedews with timely rain  
Its gradual column rising sure and calm,  
Shedding around an atmosphere of balm ;  
While deep its fibrous tubules probe and drain  
Some latent fount, whereby at length to gain  
Its plummy crown, glad dome for pilgrim's psalm.†  
Yea, "so the righteous flourish" in their place,  
Secretly nurtured, as this stately Tree,  
Proving by birth divine and growth in grace  
That all their "fresh springs," Lord ! are drawn from Thee.‡  
Apt emblem, then, of Saints who here are blest,  
Meet trophy for the triumph of their rest.§

November 27th, 1871.

T. A. HOLLAND.

\* Ps. xcii. 11. † Isa. xxxv. 1. ‡ Ps. lxxxvii. 7, and Acts xvii. 26—28. § Rev. vii. 9.

The above Sonnet was suggested by my hearing the Rev. S. Hasell make a happy application of this Scripture similitude in an eloquent speech at the Annual Meeting of the Church of the Holy Trinity Society, in Brighton, Nov. 21, 1871.

## The Cedar Tree.

From the *Leves and East Sussex Church Magazine*, April, 1872.

Oh ! could we trace that untransmitted lore  
 Wherein the wise king spake of herbs and trees,  
 Throughout their various aspects and degrees,  
 From the dwarf lichen to the Cedar hoar  
 Which Lebanon's bleak slopes and ridges bore,\*  
 And nurture still, responsive to the breeze  
 In old-world melodies, like distant seas ;  
 Though prophet-minstrel haunt its shade no more.  
 Primeval forest ! † theme of sacred pages,  
 That lent to Salem's courts their fragrant lining, ‡  
 Remnant of Eden through curse-stricken ages,  
 Scarce noted eras as one day combining :  
 Your strength and grace did Wisdom's accents own,  
 And o'er all nature's leafy tribes enthrone.

February 26, 1872.

T. A. HOLLAND.

\* 1 Kings iv. 33. † Ezek. xxxi. 8, 9. There is an old tradition in Palestine that Mount Lebanon formed part of the site of the Garden of Eden. ‡ Hosea xiv. 6.

## The Turtle Doves.

From the *Leves and East Sussex Church Magazine*, July, 1872.

How charm the ear, yet long elude the sight,  
 In the recesses of yon wooded cove,  
 Those late-returning cherubs of the grove,  
 With iridescent tropic plumage dight ;  
 How steep the sense in indolent delight  
 Their vibratory purring lulls of love ;  
 Till scared by stealthy footsteps, thence to rove,  
 They dart in arrowy lapse their noiseless flight !  
 Now kindred Cushats, silent heretofore,  
 As if abashed by such serener wooing,  
 Vehemently vow that they their mates adore,  
 Displaying bar and ring, and loudly cooing :  
 One tribe the type of love's assured possession,  
 The other, of its sometimes vain profession.

T. A. HOLLAND.

## House Swallows.

*From the Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine, August, 1872.*

Lower not the topmost sash, lest you should breach  
Our Martins' wigwam, framed of rough-cast rude,  
But deftly wove and lined within, close glued  
To conjoined wall and window, whence they pleach  
A dome inverse; wherein with gurgling speech  
Ventriloquous, yon chartered pair may brood  
Over their callow young: let none intrude  
Upon their home, nor its staunch fee impeach.  
Then shall another tribe, on pinions fleet,  
Skimming green meadow and quick-dimpled mere,  
In mid-air kiss and whisper as they meet:  
Till, bound for distant climes, they shall compeer  
With kindred thousands on each ridgy height,  
Revolve their course, and preen their plumes for flight.

T. A. HOLLAND.

## The Gazebo:

IN THE GROUNDS OF POYNINGS RECTORY.

I love to stand upon this gentle hill,  
By taste paternal erst enclosed and drest,  
The garden's watch-tower, the sloped meadow's crest,  
Gazing o'er fields hedge-chequered, wood, and vill,  
O'er undulating weald, and glimmering rill,  
Adur, oft-times an inland sea confest,  
Dim downs, indented, girdling east to west,  
And azure tracts that loom beyond them still.  
Meanwhile the ring-doves whurtle forth beneath  
From wooded dell where roars the waterfall.  
Swallows, intent, their airy maze enwreath  
Adown the sky, and through the alders tall.  
How teems this spot to me with joy, and ruth,  
Laments of age, and dream-like spells of youth!

*March 14th. 1872.*

T. A. HOLLAND.

## The Harp.

*From the Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine.*

The Minstrel famed has proved his varied lyre ;  
Now bird-like flit his hands among its keys,  
That prompt respond in bidden harmonies :  
Whether weird Cambrian theme his soul inspire,  
Or fervid Erin flush the chords with fire,  
Or Scotian pibroch throb and thrill, to please,  
Or gay Italia chime ; with equal ease,  
His wondrous tones transcend e'en hope's desire.  
Oh ! Music, sure thou art of Heavenly birth,  
Electric joy to mortal bosoms bringing,  
Love's voice divine faint echoed upon earth  
From choirs on high where angels' harps are ringing :  
And as earth's sea-born streams rejoin the main,  
So shalt thou reach thy home in Heaven again !

## My Valentine.\*

On a pair of Wood pigeons (then seen by me for the first time this year), flying within  
a few feet of my dressing-room window in the morning of February 14, 1871.

*(From the Lewes and East Sussex Church Magazine).*

Ha ! well returned on this auspicious day,  
Sweet Doves, betimes, to me your summer host,  
Outstripping far our long-belated Post,  
O'erburdened, floundering through the wealden clay,  
While high in air ye clave your liquid way ;  
More sooth to the still martyred Prelate's ghost  
Than blazoned hearts and darts that youngers boast,  
And more to me, whose locks are thin and grey.  
But bring ye not beneath those ashy plumes  
A billet charged with tokens gaily wise ?  
Alas ! your flight an onward course assumes !  
Yet must I not such omen apt despise ;  
So, since no fond nymph's thoughts to me incline,  
Be, lovely pair, yourselves, my "Valentine !"

*Poynings Rectory.*

T. A. HOLLAND.

\* "Valentine, Bishop and Martyr, was beheaded at Rome A.D. 271. He was so famous for his love and charity that hence arose the custom of 'choosing valentines' upon his festival."—BISHOP MANT.

## The Nightingale.

### I.

'Tis he? No other bird trills such a quaver,  
Nor thrills such long-linked mazes soft and sweet;  
The Whitethroat's tuneful gambols can't compete,  
The Blackcap's liquid chimes are losing favour,  
Those preludes faint of foiled ambition savour;  
E'en Thrushes' vernal descants wane effete,  
Since Sylvan choirs find diapason meet  
In Philomel, the enchanted ear's enslaver.  
Ah! now I see—as well as hear the song—  
Where rides yon fire-plumed sylph the quivering branches,  
Whose embryo notes his heaving bosom throng,  
While on the charmed air anthems full he lanches,  
Throughout the sheen of morn, and shade of even,  
Pointing their rapturous closes up to Heaven.

### II.

Spell-bound and motionless, I can but stay,  
With ear and eye attent and soul athirst,  
To drink the welling melodies that burst  
From out that downy fountain, ashen-grey,  
Throbbing and dimpling with the nascent lay,  
Richly attuned in balmy region erst,  
To prove him of all woodland minstrels first,  
And love's own seraph 'neath the lunar ray.  
Now rings abroad an oft-redoubled shake;  
Now a deep pause; now wails a long-drawn sigh,  
As if, poor bird! his yearning heart did ache,  
Lest harm befall his mate and cradle nigh; \*  
Now trust entire revived exalts the strain.  
And hymns ecstatic thrill the bower again.

April 13, 1871.

\* Quel Rassegnion, che si soave piagne  
Forse suoi figli, o sua cara consorte.

—Petrarcha, Sonetto 270.

## The Thrush.

O Mavis dear, that to the pine-top springest,  
Close by our home, in no ungracious mood,  
Rebuking me for late detraction crude,  
While still thy mellow pensive lays thou singest,  
Then to thy mate and nestlings fond flight wingest,  
Saluting their oped bills with dainty food:  
My heart rebounds 'twixt shame and gratitude  
For all the tuneful memories thou stringest.  
Yea, when entranced by new-come Philomel,  
I sang: "E'en Thrushes' descants wane effete;" \*  
But now my lute another tale should tell,  
Strained to thy mid-June harmony complete:  
So, towards yon pulsing spray by thee bestrode,  
I fain must chant this feeble palinode.

June 15th, 1871.

T. A. HOLLAND.

\* In sonnet 1, on the Nightingale, April 13, 1871.

171.

From "The Animal World"  
"Crumbs For The Birds."  
March 1871.

## FEED THE BIRDS.

—:O:—

*From Morris's "Humanity Series of School Books."  
Reprint March, 1873.*

—:O:—

A TAP upon the window pane!  
A flutter, and a tap again!  
Who thus disturbs our morning meal,  
When icicles the casement seal,  
And o'er the glass, by frost-work chased,  
Kaleidoscopic gems are traced?  
His olive coat, and scarlet vest  
Disparted at the nether breast,  
Declare the Dandy of the Bower,  
Emboldened by the sleety shower,  
To intimate a frank demand  
Of breakfast from a friendly hand.  
Not for himself alone he pleads,  
But, as accredited, proceeds,  
Apt envoy, from a motley crew  
Of kindred pensioners, in view,  
Left swinging, in the gelid breeze,  
Upon the orchard's nearest trees,  
Where summer nests, erewhile concealed,  
Are now by winter bald revealed.  
There they await, with ruffled plumes,  
The dole their conscious right assumes,  
Shielded from range of cruel gun  
Levelled for Rustics' baneful fun.

Their plea we construe in these words:  
 "Frozen-out Gardeners! Useful Birds!  
 The ground yields neither grubs nor worms,  
 So with us Man must come to terms."

'Tis Robin: now beneath he drops,  
 And o'er the whitened gravel hops;  
 Jauntily perked, his fan-like tail  
 Unfurled, for rudder serves, and sail;  
 On twain black pins long bounds he takes,  
 At every bound a bow he makes.  
 Upturned, one bright, unblinking eye  
 Surveys the room and company,  
 The other points a downward glance,  
 To gauge if food be strewn, perchance.  
 Who could resist such arch appeal?  
 Who dare withhold the challenged meal?  
 We turn the hinge, and outward throw  
 Our tribute on the dinted snow—  
 A platterful of wheaten crumbs,  
 Ground fine our fingers 'twixt and thumbs.  
 The birds swoop down from bough and spray;  
 Ah! but first Bobby chase away,  
 Who flits aloof to trellised fence,  
 And trills a quavering protest thence  
 Against his clients' treatment rude,  
 As proof of vile ingratitude;  
 But soon, blown back, darts in and out  
 Among the hungry, wrangling rout,  
 And charging brisk with needle bill,  
 Contrives his panting gorge to fill.

Watch we askance the eager throng,  
 And note to what tribes they belong:

Pert Sparrows, chief, of neutral tint,  
 As if flown out of Bewick's print,  
 With their like cousins of the "Hedge,"  
 Who, therefore, equal claim allege;  
 Faint-coloured Chaffinches, that stir up  
 A dash of music in their chirrup;  
 While to their independence stanch  
 Quick-glancing round each mossy branch,  
 Bullfinches, of more brilliant dye,  
 Between the buds for insects ply.  
 Nor ask our aid in their behalf  
 The chatty Daws, but hoarsely laugh,  
 From the wind's way-post o'er the steeple,  
 At lowlier birds, and earth-bound people.  
 Now Merle descends, in sable suit,  
 Of glossy silk, with golden flute;  
 Beside him glooms his dusky mate,  
 Jealous of his superior state:  
 Startled, he whiffles harsh and shrill,  
 Timing to flap of wings his bill;  
 But when stern winter shall be gone,  
 He'll pipe a soft and tender tone;  
 And his staid partner, cheered to love,  
 Instinct with fondness, as the Dove,  
 Will silent brood on secret nest,  
 The meetness of her gifts confest.  
 Then speckled Mavis will, in turn  
 Once more with tuneful ardour burn,  
 And in fresh spring's maturer day  
 From tree-top pour a blither lay;  
 Till nature rapt shall own the spell  
 Of the linked maze of Philomel;  
 And minor warblers all around

Full chorus join, of various sound,  
When all things glad and bright appear,  
For joy and plenty crown the year.

Thus does the gracious Sovereign Lord  
Rich mutual boons to earth accord:  
To Man He grants a ruler's power,  
With mercy as its royal dower;  
And to our servants, Bird and Beast,  
Their portions at creation's feast.  
A Raven brought Elijah bread,  
So should the Birds by us be fed,  
From summer's fruit, from autumn's corn,  
From household store in winter lorn.  
Let all that breathe, then, grateful sing  
The praises of our Heavenly King.

REV. THOMAS A. HOLLAND.

*Poyning's Rectory,  
Hurst Pierpoint.*



## A PLEA FOR THE THRUSH.

A THRUSH that long had cheerly sung  
 Our garden's budding bowers among,  
 When bitter east winds nipt the spring,  
 And livid sloes were blossoming,  
 Has since articulated clear  
 Some words which men should blush to hear.  
 Not bobolink, in western clime,  
 His name declares the hundredth time,  
 Not whippoorwill, to conscience true,  
 Importunate, demands his due,  
 Nor parrot, sport of mimic folly,  
 Belauds herself as "*Pretty Polly*,"  
 In notes and tones that nearer reach  
 The syllables of human speech  
 Than this lorn thrush (may prowlers rue it!)  
 Asked: "*Did you do it? Did you do it?*"  
 Which, oft repeated, for the nonce  
 From feathered choirs drew no response;  
 For all were hushed in groves around  
 To list such sad portentous sound.

Meantime a youth of sullen mien,  
 In village lane, hard by, was seen,  
 Who, cowering, with averted eye,  
 So challenged, ventured not reply.  
 Then mavis raised erect his head,  
 And wide his bronzed wings, volant, spread,  
 Till on a pine tree's bristly crest  
 He poised his star-bestudded breast,  
 And thus the murderous robber chid:  
 "*You did, you did, you did, you did!*"  
 He meant, no doubt, "Ah! you're the boy  
 Who marred our bliss without alloy;  
 Who sacked our nest, and naked flung  
 To the cold ground our darling young,  
 Despite of fond parental wailing  
 Your callous ear and heart assailing;  
 While with a grin of savage glee  
 You mocked our helpless misery,  
 That changed to this indignant chant  
 My vernal clarion jubilant!"

Yea, well may thrushes sore complain  
 Of home despoiled and offspring slain!  
 Is this meet recompense for song  
 Which they from month to month prolong  
 Before and since the nightingale  
 Enraptured holds the sylvan vale?  
 (Yet for him, too, is oft a stone  
 By graceless boor resentful thrown.)  
 Besides, our fields and gardens fair  
 Chill winter through have felt their care:  
 They dug out and devoured the grub,  
 And 'neath the hedge made strange hubbub  
 While cracking, as their dainty oyster,  
 The snail within his pearly cloister.

Oh ! soon may Britain's law extend  
 This native minstrel to defend,  
 Cherishing all birds, and their nests  
 As cradles of our valued guests !  
 Then he, prime herald of the spring,  
 Fearless throughout the year shall sing  
 Triumphally from bush and tree :  
 " *Tootoroteeie Te Tee !* "

T. A. HOLLAND.

## The Cypress of Bethlehem.

On being presented with a small branch of the same (*Cupressus Pyramidalis*) from the Arboretum of E. N. Hall, Esq., Barrow Hill.

Thanks for the sprig of Cypress, straight descended,  
 Through long-drawn sacred lineage, from a stem  
 That flourished erst in hallowed Bethlehem ;  
 Whose taper shade, o'er ancient tombs extended,  
 Sepulchral gloom with heavenly glory blended  
 When from their guiding star's concentrated gem  
 Beamed down Messiah's natal diadem,  
 Which all the Magians' proffered gold transcended.  
 Meetly were germs from this much-cherished plant  
 Nurtured with tender care "for God's own Field,"\*  
 Rising in verdant spires, significant  
 That so the Earth her human trust shall yield :  
 Apt emblems of Man's hope beyond the grave,  
 Memorials, too, how Jesus came, to save.

October, 1873.

T. A. HOLLAND.

\* Some seedlings raised by Miss Hall for that purpose having been transferred to the churchyard at Henfield.

































































































Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a signature or a short note, located in the center of the page. The ink is dark and the handwriting is somewhat faded.

Chichester Institute.  
Chichester Institute.

